RIGHT OFF THE CHEST

NELLIE REVELL

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Thelma Jones

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From a drawing by James Montgomery Flagg, November, 1923

RIGHT OFF THE CHEST

BY

NELLIE REVELL

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

IRVIN S. COBB

Illustrated

NEW YORK

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RIGHT OFF THE CHEST. II

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TO

THE MOST LOYAL FRIENDS IN THE WORLD

WITHOUT WHOM THE FIGHT WOULD HAVE
BEEN LOST BEFORE IT WAS BEGUN,
I AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATE
THIS HUMBLE EFFORT

INTRODUCTION

By
IRVIN S. COBB

This is not the book I wanted Nellie Revell to write; that is, it's not the one I pictured when, at the outset of the undertaking, she talked her project over with me. The book I wanted her to write—then—would have been her own chronological story, a story divided into two parts: first the account of the active, eventful life she lived as a newspaper worker and as a press agent for great amusement enterprises—she was the first woman press agent in this country and one of the best ones, man or woman, that ever has been; and after that I hoped she would tell the epic of her four-year battle against death or chronic invalidism. There was drama there and comedy, too—enough of the colorful joy of achievement, of heart-breaking tragedy, of mortal anguish, for half a dozen ordinary autobiographies.

But she didn't see the job in that light; and she was wiser than I was. Indeed, I think she was very much wiser than she herself knew. As I re-read in type the lines which first I read in manuscript I

say to myself again, as I said at the time of that first reading, that this is precisely and exactly the book which the woman, Nellie Revell, should have written. For, without any conscious strain, in so far as I can discern, without any deliberate trying for effect, without seeking to make herself the heroine of the tale, she has projected forth through these pages her own personality with infinitely more force than she could, had she set herself to the task of putting down her history, chapter by chapter and sequence following after sequence.

Now that, I take it, when all's said and done, is the real purpose of any book—to present to the reader a recognizable likeness of at least one human being. My friend has done this. Between these covers she speaks as she does with her lips when you stand face to face with her. There's no artificial straining for a point, no building up of climax at the expense of simplicity, but just the essence of the woman revealing itself by the medium of what she has written. If you, who read this book, are a stranger to its author I am sure that long before you lay it down you will have in your mind a correct picture of her individuality. And those who know her—and only God himself knows how many of these there are—here must behold her as she is—blithe, brave, witty, wholesome, kindly, sweet-savored, indomitable, a soul like a white flame, a spirit like a tempered sword.

I said she was brave. I'll go further than that. I, who have seen my share of fortitude and patience and unconquerable will in trench and camp and hospital over on the other side, desire to go on record as saying that to the best of my observation, remembrance and belief, Nellie Revell is the bravest living creature I ever saw in my life.

She radiates courage—courage and love—and these things this book also radiates. The thing which always is uppermost in her mind is not thought of herself but thought of others. I believe she has more friends, more real, honest-to-God, on-the-level friends, than anybody I know; and the reason why she has them is because she gives back friendship in such unselfish and plenteous measure.

It is this which helps to explain why her little room down at St. Vincent's on West Twelfth Street in New York was a sort of shrine for so many persons. Men and women, drawn from every imaginable channel and cross-section of metropolitan life, went there to see her. Prima donnas and chorus girls, publicans and sinners, side-show spielers and famous clergymen, political demagogues and political demi-gods, grafters and leaders in national affairs, nuns and burlesquers, bill posters and circus barons, millionaires and beggar boys off the street—they all went and they all came away again renewed in strength for their own fights, taking pattern of determination from this example

of a perfect faith, a perfect sanity, and a perfect sublimity of endurance. Every night, I know, there must be somebody down on their knees praying for Nellie Revell to get well and strong and whole again. I'm not religious; but either those prayers are being answered or else a medical miracle is coming to pass. For Nellie is getting better and the doctors say she is going to get well. I believe writing this book is one of the things that has helped her to mend; anyhow, I like to think so.

For so far back as my own recollection of her goes, she always has been what she is now. Contact with sharp corners as a wage-earner in a field which no woman before her had entered, couldn't spoil her. She stayed gentle and honest and generous and unbored; her sense of humor didn't sour to cynicism, for all that she was seeing the inside of the topsy-turvy, tinsel-specked realm of theatricals. Maybe she saw there the charity and the kindliness which really is at the core of that little world of the stage. And affliction, when it came, couldn't bend or break her. It gripped her body, it gave her over to the surgeons' knives and the bone-setters' cruel harness but, Lord bless you, it couldn't touch the real Nellie Revell. It only hurt the shell she lived in.

Do you, reader, think you have had your share of racking hard luck? Then let me tell you, very briefly, what happened to this woman, not in the

space of years or months but within the compass of weeks. Her life's savings were swallowed up in a lump by the collapse of an unfortunate investment. Her back was broken. I mean this literally; the discovery was made that three of the vertebræ of her spine had been crumpled. She, who had always been so busy, she a well-favored, hearty, light-hearted, energetic woman in the very prime of her life and at the front of her profession, she who was so successful and so self-reliant a bread-winner, was brought over night to face the prospect of a lingering and an agonizing death or—what, to one of her habits, was even worse—the prospect of incurable and unending suffering through all her days. She took the sentence as she had taken all else that ever came to her—head gallantly up and with a smile on that bonny face of hers.

She desires to make no claim upon any person's patronage by reciting the record of her family's services to the nation—which is precisely the sort of patriot and the sort of American that Nellie Revell is, and precisely what I knew in advance she would say. But I choose to disobey her injunction because I hold it to be my bounden duty, serving her in this small capacity, to tell those who may chance to read these words what she, in the contents, never once hints at.

I claim Nellie Revell deserves well of her country. Her father before her was one of "Grant's

Dandies," a gallant volunteer soldier in the Civil War. The Spanish War widowed her; her husband, wearing a captain's uniform, died in service down in Cuba.

It was that same father of hers, himself a successful writer and publisher, who on his deathbed wrote her a farewell letter which did not reach her until after his spirit had passed. From the other side of the grave he said to her this (I've seen what he proudly wrote):

"Nellie, you've been a good daughter, a good wife, a good mother, and you're a damn' good newspaper man."

To which, if I may, I add this:

"Yes, and a damn' good soldier, Nellie Revell!"

I. S. C.

FOREWORD

If you were sick, had been helpless nearly four years, been in the world but not of it, were fighting to keep up your courage, could see nothing in the future but looking at the ceiling or what you could glimpse of the sky through one hospital window, hadn't a relative within a thousand miles of you, and you received a request from your favorite paper to write some of your observations for it, and you did, and then the greatest humorist and human-interest writer of the age, a great, big, lovely soul like Irvin S. Cobb came to your bedside to inquire if there was anything he could do for you and told you these articles would sell if they were in book form and honored you by offering to write the introduction, and the greatest comic artists in the world had volunteered to illustrate the volume, wouldn't that convince you that the world is just full of love and kindness and helpful human beings? That is just what happened to me and before proceeding farther with this book, I wish to express my gratitude to Mr. Cobb for his friendship, advice and encouragement, which were my real incentive and inspiration; to George H. Doran, who agreed to pub-

lish and distribute the book at cost; to Clare Briggs, James Montgomery Flagg, Rube Goldberg, W. E. Hill, Ed Hughes, T. A. Dorgan (Tad), Grace G. Drayton, Thornton Fisher, Will B. Johnstone, Joseph W. McGurk, Tony Sarg, Martin Branner and Harry Hershfield, who contributed the drawings herein; to Sime Silverman, publisher of *Variety*, and Henry Stoddard, owner of *The New York Evening Mail*, for their permission to reprint material used in their columns; to T. E. Niles, Zoe Beckley and Jack Lait, who found markets for my first articles, and to all those whose helpfulness has made this book possible.

N. R.

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RIGHT OFF THE CHEST

Chapter I

BACKGROUND

This book is at once a testimony and a proof of the power of that Great Healer, to Whom I owe the many blessings that have been mine the last four years.

To Him I owe the loves, the friendships, and the will to work that have, as a trinity, been my physical salvation. Medical attention of the best have I had since that day in 1919 when my spine gave away. To the eminent physicians who are bringing me back to normal, I feel a gratitude beyond words. Yet I feel that without the gifts vouchsafed me by the Master Healer, all the doctors and hospitals in the world could not have saved me.

The sustaining love and continued friendship of those hundreds who have held out the helping hand from every quarter, and the surviving urge to work, relic of my days of health, have served as my lodestars. Through many vicissitudes some things have failed me but these three held steadfast.

Since my earliest childhood I have been interested

in what to my way of thinking are the two greatest professions—"newspaper" and "amusement," both of which made a strong appeal to me as I approached womanhood. Journalism beckoned and a magnetic force drew me into the newspaper office, where I covered every kind of story from pink teas to murder trials.

In the pursuit of that calling it was my privilege to know people of every rank of life, from the dignitaries who represent our government, down to what is known as "the underworld." And, unlike Mark Twain, who said that once in a while you met a person who reconciled you to humanity in general, my experience has been that taking humanity by and large as it runs, the large majority, if given the opportunity, will justify both Civilization and Christianity.

With motherhood and widowhood my financial responsibilities increased and I found the compensation for chasing the elusive item inadequate to keep the bill collector from the door.

Always I had loved the theater with its romance and color. It offered a solution to that greatest of all problems confronting those of us so fortunate as to have to work for a living, the need for a salary increase. I also loved the smell of copy and printer's ink. "I could be happy with either, were t'other fair charmer away," but having reached the crossroads where a choice was imperative, the happy idea



Rube Goldberg

"I wanted to make a funny picture for Nell's book and I spent three hours with her at St. Vincent's Hospital. When I left I couldn't think of a funny thing. The only thought I had was of Nell's word, 'I have located God. He's here in this room.' I guess she's right, for only this morning I kicked because my eggs were too soft, while Nell has lain in the hospital for four years and smiled." R. G.

of combining the two suggested itself. I would become a "publicist." The solution of the problem had been found. I answered lucre's lure and became the first woman publicity agent, entering a field that had heretofore been regarded as man's private domain.

As a press representative I had the association of those who go to make up both crafts; who are workers in the great vineyard of Life and who are of necessity compelled to be in advance of the world at large. The newspaper worker as a molder of public opinion and the actor by his art of expression convey understanding to the public.

I have always congratulated myself on my choice, for it is doubtful if in any other field I could have met the kind, class and quality of people it has been my good fortune to meet and know in the intimacy of the congenial masonry of the two.

Once at a 'varsity dinner where sat assembled graduates of a great university whose colors emblazoned the room, I said the colors of my Alma Mater were red and gray, at which they looked askance. Then I added that they stood for red blood and gray matter and that the school was that great University of Hard Knocks. I mention this here because it is my schooling there and the friends I have made among my classmates that have stood by me so well.

The greater part of my two (not three) score and

ten was spent within the Loop of Chicago or in the Furious Forties of New York, excepting when I was on tour in pursuit of my calling. As the years rolled on, I ran the gamut of life. Love, romance, tragedy and the white hearse stood at my door. I enjoyed my full quota of laughter and tears, heartaches and happiness, until old Dame Nature, the great banker to whom we can all appeal without being refused a loan but from whom none of us can graft, demanded liquidation. If one borrows of coming vitality, he must pay. The overdrafts I had made on nature fell due. We can break the laws of man and escape through some technicality or some influence; but not so with that most relentless of judges—Nature, from whose inexorable decision there is no appeal.

For nearly four years I have been lying with nothing to look at but the ceiling but, thank God, I could still see that. I have learned many lessons in that time and one of them is that the greatest investment in the world is—friendship.

FRIENDS

I have no wealth of bonds and gold, as wealth to-day we score,
Yet I have wealth, and wealth untold, for I have friends galore;
I have no wealth in coin or land, yet I'm a millionaire,
For I have friends who understand—true friends, come storm, come fair.



James Montgomery Flagg

1919: De Profundis.

I am not rich in things you buy, not rich in things you sell,
Not rich in dollars that soon fly and bid you quick farewell;
But I am rich in friends I've made, true friends of sterling worth;
I wouldn't trade a friend of mine for all the gold on earth!

Dear friends of mine, tried pals and true, you've made my life worth while,
All that I am I owe to you, at trouble I can smile;
God sent you to me through the years to make me love mankind,
With comfort you have dried my tears, and to my faults you're blind.
I am unworthy, that is true, of your great faith in me,
But where you go, there I'll go too, to spend eternity;
No man has penned a truer line since this old world knew birth—
I wouldn't trade a friend of mine for all the gold on earth.

—Luke McLuke.

(This poem was recited, through the kindness of the author, by Katherine Osterman, at the benefit tendered me in Chicago, July 4, 1920.)

Chapter II

FRIENDSHIP

MY RICHES

"The wealthiest woman in the world" is what I have been called and I admit the charge. I have not one dollar in the world that I can call my own. I wouldn't know a tax-exempt security if I met one. I've never made a "killing" in oil, cotton or motors. I didn't have a Russian ruble in Bethlehem steel when it started soaring. And the proverbial ground floors of finance were always roof-gardens before I heard of them.

But in the Bank of Friendship there has been deposited in my name golden love, cheer, sympathy and comfort in such abundance that I have been blessed with daily dividends of courage, hope and happiness.

There is a line in the Creed of the Cynic to the effect that when you have no money, you have no friends, but my own case has taught me that such a statement is a libel on the name of "friend." If I had to be in trouble to find out who my real friends were, the revelations I received made every day and



Grace G. Drayton

One of the few things I haven't been in the theater is a "supe." But after seeing what Grace G. Drayton's blessed Campbell Soup Kids are wishing for me, I'll admit it wouldn't be at all unpleasant to be one. I mean as long as they wouldn't "can" me.

hour of suffering worth while. It is a joy to record that I have never had a single disappointment.

THE PERFECT ART

Not an inch of space do I control now. No longer can I help any one to find a job. I can place no one's picture in the papers any more nor bring influence to have a play read or produced. Yet there were only three days during my four years of horizontal hibernation when I had no callers and but one day when the mailman failed me, while my room has never been without flowers from some unforgetting friend.

My friends have showered me with messages and tokens of good luck and good cheer. In person, in thought, in word and in deed, they have demonstrated that friendship is the most beautiful, the most perfect art in the world.

WHITE WAY PREFERRED

Woodrow Wilson and I have had some things in common during the past four years. Although victims of different maladies, we were stricken about the same time. Both of us were afflicted with ailments that baffled science. Happily we survived the crisis and are wending our respective ways back to health.

But there the analogy ceases. Three years ago

my congress of friends gave me the greatest benefit on record in the annals of the theater. At precisely the same time, the National Congress was refusing the President even the benefit of the doubt.

Which makes me profoundly grateful that I was and am of the White Way, and not of the White House. It is the White Way because it pulsates with the milk of human kindness. I have drunk deeply of that nectar, and I have never been as proud as I am to-day that I can call myself a member of both the glorious worlds of ink and of paint that meet and mingle on that street. It is a double citizenship worth staying alive to enjoy.

REPUDIATING POLLYANNA

Every letter I have received, telling me how courageous I was, has made me hang my head in shame. I am not the Pollyanna that many people have called me. The biggest coward in the world would fight for his own life, and that was all I did. If I have won the fight, it was only because of the help and encouragement I received from my friends. I could not have made the grade alone. I ran out of gas, my engine was stalled and I had lost my spark-plug.

But every time I found myself in one of those "what's the use" moods, some kind friend would come in, or the nurse would bring me a letter with

a message of hope and confidence. Then I would dry my tears and resolve to be worthy of my friends' faith in me. These are the things that have made friendship my religion.

ABOVE PAR

No love, no friendship, no kindness is ever wasted. And if they be not appreciated nor reciprocated by the person upon whom they are bestowed, it comes from some other least expected source upon which we have no claim. There is no such thing as loving in vain. True, one can love some one who does not return that love. But for every unrequited love another bigger love is born. The more people you like, the more people will like you. The more you give, the more will be yours to give. The more smiles you put into circulation, the more will you have bestowed on you. Love, friendship and smiles are like currency. If they are hoarded, no one gets the benefit of them; if they are kept in constant circulation every one benefits and, again, like money they always accumulate something in the transit.

HANDS ACROSS THE BED

Just because this is a very human old world, there are rifts now and then in the best of friendships. Those are the severest tests of all. Among the

dearly-prized memories of my stay in the hospital will be the recollections of the people who had not been friends for years, who met at my bedside, and, realizing how trivial was the grievance that had separated them, clasped hands across my counterpane and went away together.

Have I been preaching? I hope nothing that I have said will be mistaken for an effort at a sermon. Who am I that I should preach? This is a period in the world's history when discontent and anxiety are abroad, and many feel discouraged and depressed. It is also a period of reconstruction, when old fears must give way to new faiths, and yesterday's tears sparkle and disappear in the sunshine of to-morrow's smiles.

Many of us have had to readjust our whole lives and learn to live without the people and things we once thought were indispensable. There is nothing we cannot live without but life. There is no one we cannot live without but God.

Chapter III

EMPTY CHAIRS AT MY BEDSIDE

What strange tricks Fate is wont to play upon her helpless victims and how little we know what she has in store for us is evidenced by thirty empty chairs at my bedside, left vacant by friends who came to me offering moral and financial support. I shall always love to call, with memory's voice, the roll of those empty chairs and see, with memory's eyes, their dear spirits rise with all the loving friendliness of old to greet me.

WALTER LINDNER, Attorney for the Title, Trust and Guaranty Company.

SHEPARD FRIEDMAN, Copy Editor of the *New York World.*

WILL REED DUNROY, Publicity Representative of the City of Chicago.

E. P. CHURCHILL, former head of the Western Vaudeville Association.

GEORGE LOOMIS, Treasurer of the Cort Theater, New York City.

RENNOLD WOLF, Playwright and Dramatic Editor of the *New York Morning Telegraph.*

W. B. (Bat) Masterson, Sports Editor of the *New York Morning Telegraph.*

Thomas Oliphant, General Press Representative for Sam. H. Harris.

Mary Richfield Ryan, of the Vaudeville Team of Ryan and Richfield.

Philip Mindil, Dramatic Editor of the *New York Tribune.*

Louis De Foe, Dramatic Editor of the *New York World.*

Bartow S. Weeks, Justice of the Supreme Court of New York.

Mrs. C. P. Grenaker, wife of the General Press Representative for the Shuberts.

Frank A. Weston, Christian Science Practitioner.

Lillian Russell, the One and Only.

Charles Osgood, General Booking Manager for Klaw and Erlanger.

Dr. Ida C. Nahm, of The Professional Women's League.

Burton Green, Vaudeville Artist and husband of Irene Franklin.

Kerry C. Meagher, Executive in the Western Vaudeville Association.

Mrs. David Robinson, wife of the Editor of the *New York News Service.*

Samuel Hodgdon, General Booking Manager, Keith Offices.

Walter Sanford, Press Representative for Wagenhals and Kemper.

Frank Bacon, Author and Star of "*Lightnin'*."

WILLIAM RAYMOND SILL, Press Representative for Weber and Fields.

FRED HALLAN, of the Vaudeville Team of Hallan and Fuller.

MRS. AMELIA ROGERS, of The Professional Women's League.

JOSEPH HART, Vaudeville Artists' Representative.

BERT SAVOY, of the Vaudeville Team of Savoy and Brennan.

J. J. ROSENTHAL, Press Representative for George M. Cohan.

PERCY G. WILLIAMS, retired vaudeville magnate.

WILLIAM STUART, Assistant Secretary of the National Vaudeville Artists Association.

E. A. BACHELDER, Press Representative for Nazimova.

Chapter IV

HOSPITAL DAYS AND NIGHTS

A HUMAN GARAGE

People in general—and sick people in particular—seem to have a deep-seated horror of going to hospitals. Hours of cross-examination would fail to bring forth a single reason for such an attitude. It is a stubborn emotional aversion that contradicts all common sense.

When the average man finds there is something wrong with his automobile, he does not try to rectify the trouble at home. He rushes the car to a garage where it can be given skilled diagnosis and expert treatment. Yet this same man when the engine of his human mechanism pounds and misses, will cheerfully proceed to diagnose his own case and inflict upon his crippled system all the good old home remedies he ever heard of.

It seems strange that a man should be so solicitous about his car and yet be so reluctant to take his sick body to a hospital, for, after all, that institution is nothing more than a human garage where skilled mechanics are on hand to adjust and rectify the faults of the physical machine.



J. W. McGurk

NURSE: You're between seventy and one hundred.
NELLIE: I may look that old but, honest, I'm not fifty yet.

This picture makes me wonder what kind of a hospital Mr. McGurk was in, when this is his idea of a nurse and her uniform. And my nurses couldn't sit on my bed because there wasn't even enough room on it for me. But I can forgive him anything for making me look so unlike myself.

Women are no more sensible where hospitals are concerned. They go to hairdressers to have their hair washed, to manicurists for their nails, to beauty parlors for facial treatments. They would never dream of leaving these matters to any but specialists. But, the moment they are taken seriously ill—when of all times they most need expert attention—they revolt with the exclamation:

"Oh, I just hate the thought of going to a hospital!"

The woman who would not think of trimming her own hats will try to doctor her own children. They must be sent to a boarding-school for their education but in time of illness, she insists "there's no place like home." Sentiment does make it difficult, of course, for any mother to entertain the thought of sending her child to a hospital. But when a child's life is in danger, such sentiment has no place. Often mother-love prevents the child from getting the proper, though perhaps harsh, treatment which is imperative for recovery.

If any one is entitled to a grudge against hospitals, I am that person. Four years on a fracture board in dry dock, however, have taught me that if ever there is anything the matter with me again, I shall not wait to be told that a hospital is the proper place for me.

NUMBER-R-R PUL-EASE

Prisons are not the only places where they give you a number. The same is true of hospitals. When the bell in the corridor rings, the senior nurse says to a subordinate: "See what 44 wants," or "Has 36 had her medication?" or "Don't forget to give 68 her mail."

To your face they may call you by your name—if they can remember it—but among themselves you are always a number. The realization of the loss of my identity was brought home to me vividly the first day I was trundled into the X-ray room. I was one of several patients, parked along the wall on carts, like baggage trucks on a depot platform, waiting our turn with the operator.

Finally he appeared in the doorway and called: "Number 38 next!" Then I knew how it felt to change one's name for a number.

One day I received a note labeled "Private 38," meaning private room Number 38. I had suspected for some time that I was some kind of a soldier but I didn't know until then whether I was a general, a colonel, a captain or what. At that I might have been only an humble private, but my operations were majors.

JINXES

Nearly everybody regards the number "thirteen" with apprehension and the actor includes "twenty-three" in his list of taboos. But what "thirteen" and "twenty-three" are to the actor, just that much and a little more is "thirty" to the newspaper worker. "Thirty" means "That's all," "Good-night," "No more." When the copy editor sees "thirty" at the end of a story he knows it is the finish. And when a member of the Fourth Estate leaves this land of hard assignments, he is said to have gotten his "thirty."

Thus it is not hard to imagine the chills that chased up and down my spine when I woke up in St. Vincent's Hospital four years ago, after being brought in on a stretcher, and asked some one what the number of my room was.

"That's all right," said the doctor, "I knew you show folks don't like thirteen or twenty-three. So I picked out a nice even number for you. You're in room thirty."

SANS SANDMAN

"God bless the man who first invented sleep"—but I wish he had bequeathed me the formula for it. Even in the best-regulated hospitals, it is one thing you can't always find when you want it.

One night, finding myself unable to drowse off, even though I counted sheep until I could almost feel them pulling the wool over my eyes, I asked for a magazine, hoping I could woo Morpheus through its pages. But this night the Betty and Billy stories with their happy endings couldn't get a yawn out of me, turn the leaves as I would.

My eyes seemed to halt automatically at advertisements of So-and-So's sleep-producing mattresses. That was about the only thing I hadn't tried for insomnia so I rang for the nurse and asked for one. She offered to compromise on a dose of bromide. I loathe bromides of any sort.

"If George Kaufman and Marc Connelly can't get enough bromides into a three-act comedy like *Dulcy* to put a healthy audience to sleep," I told her, "how can you get enough bromide into a medicine-glass to have any effect on me?"

The nurse gave me one of those "I'd better humor her for fear she becomes violent" looks, then took my pulse and temperature and reported my sleep-defying mood to the house physician. House doctors have their advantages, but whoever has had occasion to wake one in the middle of the night only to see him appear with more sleep in his eyes that minute than the patient has had in a week will appreciate my hesitancy in summoning one. He is hardly to be blamed for failing to understand or to sympathize with eyes that will not stay shut.

POLLYANNA PLUS

Optimism is one of the most valuable characteristics in a hospital attendant, but like everything else, it can be carried to extremes. The cart which bears the patients to the operating room passed my door one day with its human burden on the road to the great adventure. The operation was to be an abdominal one, and the orderly was cheerfully whistling, "Look For The Silver Lining."

I'm glad it was one of my off-days for operations.

TACT

Tact, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. To my mind it covers a few more, for charity sometimes is tactless while tact is always charitable. And it is really amazing how much a lack of this diplomatic virtue can affect the lives of those who are so unfortunate as to be ailing and dependent on the attentions of others.

It is not my intention to cast aspersions on the good name of medicine and nursing, nor belittle the work of hospital attachés, but I say with all candor that some of these occasionally allow their memories to lapse at the very moment they should be most careful in dealing with the afflicted. Dozens of instances come to mind but I will relate only a few and those merely for the purpose of showing

how much harm can be done by tactless people, even though they wish to be most helpful and cheering.

During my first week in the hospital a nurse stopped for a moment to chat. Casually she referred to another patient with a like illness and still casually she mentioned that her stay had been three years. And I had been hoping to get out in a few months. Later that same evening I asked the interne how long it usually took cases like mine to recover and in the most off-handed manner he replied, "Oh, two to five years."

I am not in favor of evasion but it does seem to me that occasionally it is justified, when it is the only method of keeping up hope in a patient's breast. On the other hand sometimes the very secretiveness of an attendant may be highly tactless for it arouses visions of unknown horrors. It is impossible to lay down rules for tact, for it results from commission and omission equally, but as far as a hospital is concerned, anything that robs the patient of hope, makes him feel his helplessness, or startles him is tactless.

Just what this indispensable quality is, one finds it just as hard to define, but perhaps one of the best illustrations of its nature came from the lips of a friend of mine, Brigadier-General Thornwell Mullally, U. S. A.

A negro, he told me, had achieved the rank of orderly to a captain of the expeditionary forces. In the latter's absence the negro was left in charge,

with the warning to treat his white command with tact. Sam assured the captain that tact was his long suit, but after the officer's departure he looked up a colored friend and told him what his instructions were.

"Now," inquired Sam, "what is dishayere tact? I got to know how to do it."

"Ah'll enlighten yo're intelleck," replied his friend. "When Ah wuz back in de States, Ah waz wukkin' at de Waldawf. One day, when Ah wuz shoffeh to a vacurum-cleaneh, Ah opened a bafroom doh, and dah waz a lady a-settin' in de tub. Ah shet dat doh quick an' sez: 'Beg yo pahdon—suh.' Dat 'Beg yo pahdon' was jes' p'liteness, but, boy, dat 'suh' wuz tact."

CONSPIRACY SUSPECTED

Every time I was taken to the anatomical composing room, the Sister on my floor availed herself of my absence to give my room a thorough cleaning and do the other things that my nervous condition prohibited while I was around.

One day I told her I suspected her of conspiring with the doctors to operate or put a new cast on me whenever my room needed cleaning. In fact every time she came in and looked critically at walls, windows, floor and chandelier, I used to wonder if I were to be guest of honor at another whittling party.

NONCOMMITTAL

Joe was his name and hallman was his vocation. He was an interesting and many-sided character and was accustomed to pause in his duties before my door from time to time and launch into a discussion of the topics of the day. One day I asked him what he thought of Muscle Shoals.

"Don't know, ma'am," was his unhesitating reply. "I ain't never seen him fight."

THE GILHOOLEY

Have you a little "Gilhooley" in your hospital? In every hospital there are always several patients who have been sent there by relatives or friends with great influence in medical, political, financial or religious circles. Oftentimes it occurs that Father Smith or Alderman Jones has discovered a needy and deserving case and their first thought is that the hospital in which they are most interested should prove itself worthy of their patronage. So out goes the ambulance and in comes the case. Before long the doctors discover that the patient is what is called a "chronic," meaning that he can never quite recover but may easily live for years.

A metropolitan hospital is always a crowded place and there is a great need for beds in which to put

cases which need attention urgently and whose rightful places the "chronics" are usurping. But, on account of the wires controlled by the "Gilhooleys' " benefactors, the hospital authorities can make no move toward sending them away to the sort of institution which should properly care for them.

The ancestor of them all, as far as current medical memory goes, was sent by an Alderman Gilhooley. The whole tribe now bears his name and it indicates that they are so fortunate as to possess a friend at court. "Gilhooleys" are not very popular, but they certainly are lucky.

MICE AND MEAT

There was once a mouse in my room. I shan't easily forget it, not because I had any reason to be afraid of him, but on account of the trouble it was to apprehend him. Our first attempt was with a very gaudy, red mouse-trap. That was an utter failure and I decided the poor thing was afraid to go near it, for fear there might be a cover charge with the meal.

One Friday after the rodent had been enjoying his unlawful freedom for nearly a week, a friend came with a mouse-trap from the five-and-dime store. We loaded it with good, old-fashioned, kosher bacon and in twenty minutes we had landed

the culprit, as the country sheriff would have said. Then a fine, upstanding nurse, who glories in the name of Brophy, exclaimed:

"It serves him right for eating meat on Friday!"

VOTES FOR NUNS

Politics makes strange contrasts, but who would ever have dreamed back in the old pre-suffrage times, that we would some day see nuns at the polls voting? One election day I requested the nurse to say to the sister in charge of the floor that I would like to see her. She replied that Sister had gone out and I facetiously retorted: "Gone to vote, I presume."

Later on in the day the sister came into my room. "Hello, Sister," I greeted her. "Whom did you vote for?"

"Smith," she replied nonchalantly.

I thought she was merely falling in with my mood, and paid no further attention to the incident until a friend of mine—a voter in the hospital district—came in the following evening and told me of his amazement at finding the voting place crowded with nuns. I have heard of political parties selecting candidates on the ground that they could carry the vote of certain classes or nationalities. Now I am waiting for some enterprising "public servant" to announce that he expects to carry the nuns' vote.

SISTER TO ALL

The sister in charge of the public ward has a large and ever-present task on her hands and it is fortunate they are capable. That division is always full—full of men who have been torn and broken in accidents, men who have had sudden physical collapses, men who have been struck down by disease. Many of them are penniless and well-nigh hopeless. If one heard nothing but their stories it would be pardonable to conclude that the world is merely a scrap-heap of humanity. But in spite of it all an air of cheerfulness pervades the ward and the secret of it reposes somewhere in Sister Benigna's personality.

The real problem of the patients there is not in their illness but in their recovery. Many of them have viewed the day of their discharge with fear. Once more they are to go out to join battle with the problem of mere existence, this time in worse case than before. They have no decent clothes, no employment, no money and they are still shaky from weeks, perhaps months, in the hospital.

Then it is that Sister comes upon the scene in her rôle of fairy godmother. Out of what is apparently an absolute, scientific vacuum, she produces a serviceable suit, a freshly-laundered shirt, a newly-half-soled pair of shoes, warm gloves if it is winter, a hat that fits. The erstwhile despairing patient finds in his hand enough money to cover a shave, a haircut,

a few meals and a night's lodging. And oftentimes Sister whispers that she has heard of a job being open at such-and-such a place. The despair changes to a new faith in humanity, a new hope in the world, and a new resolve to make "the act" a success this time.

Whether or not Sister ever sees these men again she gets the same joy out of having helped each of them. Not all of them forget and one such was the young man who came in one snowy morning. He was well-dressed and appeared so prosperous that Sister thought he was there merely to visit some one. Instead, he stopped before her desk, drew an envelope from his pocket, and handed it to her.

"Sister," he said, "you don't remember me, but a year ago I was in that bed over there, broke, hopeless and almost dead. When I had pulled through, I got a job, thanks to the clothes, the shave and the haircut you staked me to. I've come along since and now I have all my debts paid but one. That one I can never fully repay but in this envelope there's an installment on it."

When he had gone Sister opened the envelope. It contained seven crisp ten-dollar bills.

SAVE YOUR NICKEL

Telephoning a hospital to inquire about a patient is one of the most futile things in the world, as any

one who has tried it knows. I hereby offer a reward to the person who has ever elicited any reply to such an inquiry other than:

"Yes, she is here—Resting quite comfortably—
As well as can be expected."

For noncommittal language, the average nurse makes an Oriental diplomat sound like a traffic cop talking to a taxi-driver.

WUX-TRA!

Louie, the newsboy, was always a welcome part of the hospital routine, for every one who can read at all reads a newspaper. If a patient cannot afford to buy one, everybody is willing to divide the topics of the day with him. These are discussed and important questions are decided with as much gusto as they are around the stove in the village grocery.

COLOR HUNGRY

To any one who has lived for years in a hospital, the walls look grayer than they really are if such a thing is possible, and I have come to regard Joseph Urban as a real benefactor of humanity. Those who can see grass, trees and flowers growing, or show windows brilliantly-lighted on every street, can hardly appreciate what it means to be surrounded by drab walls until even the billboards setting forth the mer-

its of pancake flour or sugar-cured ham would look like Rembrandts and Corots.

NOISES AND NERVES

In a hospital every little noise has a meaning all its own. There is so little to see and so much to hear that one quickly learns to read and interpret the numerous sounds of the day and night.

In an early story of H. G. Wells, a man reaches a country in Africa in which all the inhabitants are blind. At first he is impressed with his tremendous advantage over the natives, but before long he discovers that he is the one who is handicapped. So keenly developed are the senses of hearing and touch of these people that the newcomer is forced to blind himself lest he be outclassed in the struggle for life. The story was recalled to me by the realization of what a sensitive "receiving station" my ears had become during my long sojourn in a hospital room.

Of all the day's noises, the dominating ones are the bells. From early morn until late at night, bells mark and punctuate the passing hours. They begin at five o'clock in the morning with the delicate tinkle of the bell carried by the nun who precedes the priest and his spiritual aid. Then follows the chapel bell, summoning the patients who are able to attend service.

A special ring heralds each doctor's entry into the

hospital; another bell, in the hall, signals that he is ready to make the rounds with the senior nurse. A welcome bell is the one which lets us know that broth has left the diet kitchen, and a genuine thriller is the one proclaiming that meal trays are ready for distribution.

One of the most exciting sounds to a shut-in is the peal of the telephone bell. It carries with it a suspense that it never has in the office or home. I could hear it every time it rang and often I've waited what seemed an age for the nurse to come down the hall with the message and stop at my door—or go on to another.

In the gamut of hospital bells, however, the most sinister and the most impressive is the ambulance bell. It is the black-sheep of the bells. Many times I have been awakened from deep sleep by that somber gong, and listened with sorrow and fear to its clangor, shattering the calm of slumbrous streets, as the ambulance tears away on its unknown mission.

The imagination tries to follow and fill in the picture. What awaited the interne at the end of the journey? A tenement house fire? A child run over? A murderous brawl? Or perhaps some weary soul who found the fight too hard and tried to cut the threads of Fate? Then I would lie awake, waiting for the ambulance to return—for the first, faint brazen clatter, that increases with steady crescendo until the machine roars past the corner and stops at

the hospital entrance. It is easy to tell when there is a passenger for then the ring is unusually loud so that the staff in the accident ward may be ready for instant action.

No bell in the hospital can arouse such sheer terror as the fire-bell. One night some electric wires got crossed and the fire-gong sounded. I lay helpless, waiting for the nurse to come in—an eternity of breathless apprehension it seemed. When the signal for fire-drill is sounded the nurses are required to take their stations at the hall-telephones and there await instructions. Though it is only a few minutes before they come to tell you it was merely a drill, in that short space of time I have startled myself with brain-pictures of what a fire in a hospital would mean.

But of them all the most exasperating, the most nerve-racking is—the bell that isn't answered.

DRAMA IN SOUNDS

Besides the bells, there are other noises in abundance, each with a significance that he who cannot run may read. Often it is the most intense drama that is symbolized by these sounds—real tragedies and real escapes, not imagined ones.

It is easy to tell, for instance, by the footfall whether a nurse or nun is passing and a doctor's step can always be distinguished from a visitor's. A cer-

tain rumble means that the elevator has stopped at my floor, a sound as exciting as the telephone bell. It may herald the coming of a friend. Other sounds may arouse mingled emotions in the listener—the wanderings of a patient coming out of the ether, or the crying of a frightened child.

There is one continuity of sounds that carries with it more drama than any play I have ever witnessed. On my floor there was an operating room. When through the night I heard the cart, or carriage as it is officially called, pass my door I knew exactly what it meant. If it stopped at the elevator some one had lost the fight. I am in at the final curtain. If the carriage proceeds to the operating room I wait for its return. Months of such waiting taught me to know whether the operation was successful by the time that elapsed before the carriage returned. What a relief it was when I heard it coming back within a reasonable time.

Four years of listening to such invisible stories makes many of the things one used to consider important sink into oblivion. It doesn't seem nearly as vital now as it once did that the restaurant, where I lunched, occasionally ran out of my favorite brand of ketchup. . . .

SUGGESTIONS

It is hardly possible that I will ever go in for building and conducting my own hospital. But if

I ever do, though it may have its faults as do others, there are several features which I shall certainly install. Instead of highly-polished, waxed floors, for instance, the floors of my institution will be carpeted with sandpaper. Imagine the joy of patients who are walking for the first time in months or perhaps years when they find out that the only way to slip on the floor will be to wear roller skates.

As it is, patients go abroad on these slippery boards with the same fear they would experience in walking on ice. Fear is something which should be especially guarded against, for a sick person has enough to worry about under the best of conditions.

Another innovation will be noiseless carpet-sweepers instead of the stone-crushers in current vogue. And I will try to have the law enforced that prohibits heavy trucks from passing through a hospital street. If there is anything more painful than the jarring of already-shrieking nerves I have yet to experience it. Then I will make everything within ten blocks absolutely non-inflammable so that sick people won't have to be disturbed by the terrifying clanging of the fire-trucks as they race by at break-neck speed. With nothing around to burn there will be no need of fire-alarms in the hospital and the helpless won't have to lie in agonizing suspense for many minutes before they are told that the alarm was only for a drill. And if any of the patients in my hospital ever lose their minds, it won't be because

of rattling windows, for every frame will be built so solidly that not even a cyclone could produce a vibration in it.

Of course a hospital isn't exactly an art-gallery in disguise, but that is no reason for excluding from it every picture that might delight the eye and soothe the mind. So a good deal of my attention will be devoted to selecting painless pictures for pining patients. I will not trouble much about famous names or great price, but they must all be of a sort to take the minds of sick people on delightful journeys, to change moods from despondency to an eager determination to see such scenes again in the flesh, and to delight the eye with the color and form of momentarily-arrested life.

But of them all there won't be one I'll hang so prominently and in so many places as the simple little motto, "Smile, Darn You, Smile!"

Chapter V

A VOTE OF THANKS

It is customary when writing a book of this sort to dedicate it to one's doctor, but that tribute rightfully belongs to my friends who made it possible for me to have doctors. However I respectfully tender a vote of thanks to:

Dr. Reginald Sayre, Professor of Orthopedics at New York University, and a member of the staffs of Bellevue and St. Vincent's Hospitals.

Dr. George David Stewart, Gastroenterologist Surgeon, President of the Academy of Medicine of New York, and a member of the staffs of Bellevue and St. Vincent's Hospitals.

Dr. J. H. O'Connell, Laryngologist.

Dr. John A. Aspell, Gynæcologist and a member of the staff of St. Vincent's Hospital.

Dr. Walker Gill Wylie, Gynæcologist and Surgeon.

Dr. W. E. Studdeford, Gynæcologist and a member of the staff of Bellevue and Woman's Hospitals.

Dr. Ernest F. Krug, Ophthalmologist.

Dr. Foster Kennedy, Neurologist and Psychiatrist, and head of the New York Neurological Institute.

Dr. Russell Hibbs, Professor of Orthopedics at Columbia University, and Chief Surgeon of the New York Orthopedic Hospital.

Dr. Virgil Gibney, Chief Surgeon of the Ruptured and Crippled Hospital.

Dr. Royal Whitman, member of the staff of the Ruptured and Crippled Hospital.

Dr. Col. Frederick Albee, head of the Orthopedic Division of the Postgraduate Hospital.

Dr. Herbert Mohan, Urologist and a member of the staff of the Neurological Institute and of the staffs of St. Bartholomew's and St. Vincent's Hospitals.

Dr. Adolph Lorenz, Viennese exponent of bloodless surgery.

Dr. Charles P. Elwert, General Practitioner, the only family doctor I met in all New York.

Dr. E. L. Keyes, Jr., Urologist, a member of the staff of St. Vincent's and Bellevue Hospitals, and Professor of Urology at Cornell University.

Dr. A. R. Mandel, Pathologist and Professor of Internal Medicine at New York University.

Dr. W. Wallace Maver, Radiologist.

Dr. Puleul Flagg, Anesthetist.

Dr. H. C. Houston, Odontologist.

O. J. Mackey, Technician and X-Ray Operator.

Eight house-doctors, sixteen internes, two osteopaths, one chiropractor, sixteen masseuses and about two hundred nurses, any one of whom could have killed me; but since they did not, for that I am grateful.

Chapter VI

MY DOCTORS, GOD BLESS 'EM—SOMETIMES

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to his sick friend said:
"If you'd only try my doctor!"

THE MEDICAL CORPS

One of the few things I haven't suffered from during the last four years is a lack of doctors. To begin with I had so many of my own that I had to keep an engagement book to keep track of which one I had time to see next. And whenever I was not in conference with mine, I was trying to find excuses for not seeing those of my acquaintances.

There is nothing that can be owned by so many people as a doctor. People who haven't another thing in the world to call theirs will speak with a completely proprietary air about "my doctor." And I have never met any one who didn't have at least one. And talk about press agents! It may be against medical ethics to advertise, but the doctors I heard of need never fear obscurity, for a satisfied customer is better than a page in the rotogravure section.

There were recommended to me allopaths, osteo-

paths and homeopaths; chiropractors, chiropodists and chiromancers; thought-healers, water-cure exponents and veterinary surgeons; doctors of divinity, doctors of philosophy and just plain doctors. As for treatments I was advised to try everything from Doctor Whoosit's pistachio pills or magic herbs bought during the full of the moon to a Coué Cord.

THE DOCTOR JOKE

Chesterton once wrote that it is only the great, eternal mysteries, such as birth, marriage and death, that man never wearies of turning into jests. If this is true, it explains why any wheeze about a doctor cutting off the wrong leg or administering the wrong medicine never fails to draw a laugh, whether it is heard across the footlights or read in a periodical.

But—at the risk of being accused of having no sense of humor—I wish to submit a plea for the relegation of the "doctor joke" to that limbo which is supposed to have swallowed up the mother-in-law jest and the Volstead quip. The "doctor joke" is more insidious and penetrating in its influence than either of the above two, and if there is to be a joke-book censor, let him begin with the flings at the medical profession. We split our sides at hair-raising stories, told in jest, of the blunders of nameless doctors—appendicitis operations are popular material—

but do we ever stop to think of the subconscious sting the joke leaves behind, of the seeds of doubt and mistrust that are thus subtly implanted?

No matter with what good nature these jests are retailed, they tend to break down public confidence by the mere process of attrition. It is only natural that the person who puts himself most willingly and fearlessly in the hands of the doctor is one whose faith has not been undermined by jokes at the profession's expense. It is unfair propaganda, unfair alike to the patient who will not react as quickly to the doctor's treatment if he distrusts him, and to the doctor who cannot get his best results when combating an antagonistic force, where he should have only disease to fight.

It is dangerous to continue to instill into the minds of men and women prejudice against the profession whose members ushered us into the world and in whose hands we must all, sooner or later, again place our lives.

NOTHING SINGULAR

Talk about the editors cutting your stuff! Meet my surgeons. The use of the rubber-stamp phrase "my doctor" is one that has been denied me. I am compelled as a matter of accuracy always to use the plural. It is indeed an age of specialists and I discovered that I not only had everything for which one

can have a doctor, but that there was a different doctor for everything I had.

Dr. Reginald Sayre, the orthopedic specialist, attended my spine for four years. Dr. George D. Stewart, the surgeon, performed my operation. When my eyes went back on me it was Dr. Krug, the ophthalmologist, who restored them to health. When my teeth had to be deported, Dr. Houston's wrecking crew was called in. When my tonsils were set adrift from their mooring, Dr. O'Connell did the honors. Finally my heart filed a complaint and Dr. Mandel appeared in its behalf. There was a different expert to handle every part—just like assembling a Ford.

"MY DOCTOR"

Yet, despite the inescapable plural, Dr. Sayre will always be "my doctor." Among the many things I have to be thankful for is that my case was in his hands, and that I had the courage and strength of mind to continue under his care in the face of discouragement and delay.

His patience is the nearest thing to a living exemplification of the Sermon on the Mount that I have ever encountered. I know I must have tried him sorely. Frequently I lost heart and confidence in the treatment and on several occasions I yielded to importunate friends who wanted to bring other

doctors in for consultation. But none of them offered anything new, and the best advice I received from such incursions was the brief admonition of one physician: "Stick to your own doctor."

Dr. Sayre is as gentle as a woman, but there the resemblance ends. He is about as effeminate as the statue of Civic Virtue, and in appearance and mannerisms would make Bill Hart look like Mary Pickford. If one feels rotten all over, one can tell him, and he will convince a person that he is absolutely mistaken—and he is no male-Pollyanna either. In his presence one can speak his mind, call a spade a spade and, if mud is the thing referred to, "M-U-D" and not "alluvium" is the word to be used. He is the kind of man who could not live in a town the size of a packing-case without making it seem as big as a metropolis. His quiet dignity is impressive but underlying it is that rare quality—a sense of humor.

A FRIEND IN NEED

Many of the things that happened during my hospital years I shall be glad to forget, but I shall always treasure a story told me by one of the nuns, concerning a patient of Dr. Sayre. One of the maids who worked in the pantry fell ill. The doctor did everything he could, but he had been called in too late. The girl had no relatives, no friends, no money. She was a foreigner—a stranger in a strange

land—and dying. Dr. Sayre sat beside her bed all the afternoon and on into the night, until the end came.

How tenderly he spoke of her brave fight for life! He had to take off his glasses and wipe them when I asked him about her. Somehow, one feels very safe in the care of a doctor, whose glasses become moist when he speaks of some one in distress.

EXPERT CARE FOR BUDDIE

Nor is his tenderness confined to human beings. One day he came in and, passing the cage where my canary bird was, he noticed the poor chap standing on one foot, the other pulled up under his wing, as though to protect it. He reached his hand into the cage and gently drew the bird out to examine it.

The sight of this gruff man holding a little songster in his big hands and ministering to the sore foot, was an experience long to be remembered by all of us who saw it.

A SLIGHT APPREHENSION

But one misgiving did I ever have concerning Doctor Sayre. It was when I learned he was not only coach for the American pistol teams competing at the Olympic games and other international contests, but that he is also America's crack revolver shot. It

is gratifying, of course, to know that one's surgeon is the possessor of such steady nerves, but as shooting was about the only thing they hadn't tried on me, I was the least bit apprehensive. For a long time I wondered whether my cast, composed though it was of steel and concrete, was really bullet-proof. If it had just one vulnerable spot, perhaps I wasn't so lucky in having a sharpshooter for a doctor.

A REVISED OPINION

The opportunity has come through my illness to revise my opinion of the medical profession and to learn that its members are not all nickel-nursers. For all his numerous skillful and devoted attentions to me whenever I needed them, Dr. George D. Stewart has never accepted a fee. More than once, I have intimated to him that, while I was then in no position to pay for his services, I looked forward to it as a future obligation I would be only too happy to meet. His invariable reply was:

"I shouldn't like your theatrical and newspaper friends to think they are the only ones who appreciate a good soldier. And in the operating room, we know who are the good fighters and who are the faint-hearts. You don't owe me a cent."

On the night of my last operation—to give but one instance of his wholeheartedness—he was at the hospital until midnight. Twice a day thereafter

he visited me until all the plain and fancy stitching had been removed. He never sent a house-doctor or an interne to change dressings and he could have given me no more for the biggest fee that he might have asked.

Another proof of his humanity came the day a young vaudeville actress, whom he had operated on, was in my room bidding me farewell. He came in.

"Oh, Dr. Stewart," she said, "I feel terrible."

"You shouldn't," he replied. "You are going home, aren't you?"

"Yes, but I haven't the money to pay your bill. I haven't been working and I have no work booked."

"Well, well," he said and smiled at her, "is that what you're worrying about? Just forget it and get well and be happy. Then the first chance you get to do a favor for some one who is in hard luck, do it—and we'll be square."

It was the application of the Golden Rule. I am sure there is no more beautiful religion.

SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

Of all the doctors recommended to me by friends, acquaintances and just other people, I question if any one of them has a more loyal and enthusiastic coterie of patients than Dr. Col. Frederick Albee. He is famous for his operation whereby the lucky person wakes from the ether to find that his shin-

bone has been neatly subtracted from his leg and hitched to his spine and is going to stay there for life. If his followers were selling oilstocks, they could not speak in more glowing terms than they do of the Albee "shift." In fact an automobile salesman talking to a hot prospect would sound like a calamity-howler compared to these pleased patients.

To listen is to be convinced and a session with Dr. Albee's boosters leaves me feeling that the operation is something no family should be without. One gentleman could only be restrained from displaying to me the scars on his shin and back by the admonitions of his wife and my refusal to look if he pulled up his pant-leg an inch farther.

There ought to be a way to capitalize on such enthusiasm and I believe I have struck on it. I am going to get a big stock of orders for these operations and send one to each of my friends for Christmas. The only disadvantage is that they won't be able to take them back the day after Christmas and trade them in for something else they want more. But they'll always have something to remember me by.

As for myself, I must admit I haven't tried the operation so far. It isn't because I would mind losing the bones from my ankles, for they are too big anyhow. But I hated being told I lacked backbone. It was the first time I had ever been accused of that, and I was reminded of Irene Franklin's old

song, "When Your Wishbone 'S Where Your Backbone Ought To Be."

"A LITTLE LEARNING"

It is strange how long it takes people to recover from an education. It is a significant fact that the older doctors in a hospital never use anything but the simplest language in discussing a patient's case with him. But the younger ones, just fresh from a thorough inoculation with technical terms, take them out for an airing at the slightest opportunity. If one has mumps the veteran physician calls it "mumps" and not "a specific, infectious, febrile disorder, characterized by a non-suppurative inflammation of the parotid and other salivary glands." Whereas the interne has not been born who can resist saying "an inflammation and swelling of a small, membraneous sac, bursæ mucosæ, usually occurring on the first joint of the great toe," when all he means is a bunion.

THE ROOKIE DOCTOR

"The most important thing in the hospital is the patient," runs the slogan of every well-regulated hospital. And next in importance supposedly are the visiting doctors.

Maybe so. But all of the patients and doctors rolled into one assay perhaps as high as fifty per cent

of the importance felt by some sub-junior internes I have met. In my travels I have known admirals, generals, statesmen, diplomats, big business men and famous artists, and in my years in the hospital I have talked with great specialists, men of world repute in their profession. Yet not one of them has assumed the pompous dignity that in some cases seems to go with the awesome responsibilities of a medical student gaining a summer's experience as a sub-junior interne.

A typical instance of the average rookie doctor's attitude occurred during the absence of one of my regular house physicians. A lad with the down still adorning his upper lip strode into my room and prepared to give me a treatment.

"Who are you?" I asked.

Had it been one of the older doctors, veterans in their profession, the answer would have been simply, "My name is Jones or Smith."

But—and I despair of reproducing his tone of gravity and tremendous importance—the young man's reply was, "I am Doctor Whatsit."

He went ahead with the treatment and I can assure the world that never before in a fairly-varied life have I been made to feel quite as non-essential, quite as much the clay in the master's hands, as I did when that embryonic medicine man adopted me as just another responsibility. Fortunately the situation amused me. Otherwise I feel confident that,

my lame back and all, I would have taken him by the lapels of his pretty, white coat, turned him over my knee and spanked him soundly.

Dignity is a necessity for any member of the medical profession, for the moment a doctor loses that he also loses the confidence of the patient. But there is another thing to keep in mind. The faith of the sick person must be gained before it can be lost and in its acquisition nothing counts so much as "the approach," to use the salesman's term. Let a doctor meet a patient with a kindly humor and on a frank, human basis and the cure is already half-effected.

It seems that somewhere in a medical course extending over six years there could be found a place for a few lectures on pleasing the patient as well as dosing him. A personality which soothes the patient is worth just as much as all the medicines in the pharmacopœia.

Until such a course is instituted in our colleges—hail! the "snub"-junior.

WITHOUT MALICE

Ever since it happened, I have been reticent about discussing a certain incident in connection with the early stages of my illness, and have purposely refrained from referring to it, fearing that a wrong impression might be created. It is not my inten-

tion to call into account any method of healing.

The breakdown which landed me in the hospital had been approaching a crisis for two years. My step had become slower, my nervousness more acute. At length, after I had sat on rubber rings and surrounded by air cushions for months, suffering excruciating pains in the back, a friend prevailed upon me to go to a chiropractor in New York. He hurt me so badly that my secretary had to come for me and take me home.

A few days later, Mrs. Elizabeth New, a masseuse who treats many theatrical people, was summoned. She ran her fingers up and down my spine, and exclaimed: "I wouldn't touch you for a million dollars. Your back is broken!"

I was stunned. I could not comprehend it. The next day I was X-rayed and learned the horrible fact that three vertebræ had been caved in. In simple justice, I must say I do not believe the chiropractor's treatment would have injured them had they not already been affected. I should probably have broken down very soon in any case, with my spine in that condition, and I do not wish to lay the primary blame for my illness at this man's door. But I am convinced that no chiropractor should fail to preface his treatments with an X-ray examination to ascertain whether there are any diseased parts. The method employed is too rugged and heroic to take any such chances as were taken with me.

It is not reasonable to condemn the many for the faults of the few and I am not descrying the whole body of chiropractors because of this incident. I do believe, however, that in the absence of the proper governmental supervision many "quack" schools have sprung up and are turning out practitioners who are totally unfit and dangerous to the public welfare.

About all that many of these men know of anatomy is that the spine is composed of "twenty-four buttons," as James Madison said in his vaudeville skit,—but no buttonholes—and that each time they press a button it is supposed to produce a specific result. But whether it is a case of one button for ice water and two for an electric fan, they are not sure. They look upon the vertebral column as a switchboard. If it is, the one who worked on me undoubtedly got a wrong number.

BACK-TEAR-OLOGISTS

Since all of America's foremost bone-crackers had made pilgrimages to my back, until I felt like the spinal stopping place, it was only consistent with our reputation for hospitality to extend the keys of St. Vincent's "composing room" to Dr. Adolph Lorenz, the Viennese specialist, and allow him to include me in his sight-seeing tour of America.

I cannot say I thought this European wizard could teach our medical profession anything, but I re-

spected the wishes of my friends who wanted the famous "director" to shoot a few scenes in the thriller, in which I was featured and which, on completion, was to be entitled, "And The Patient Lived." Possibly my feeling was the result merely of a certain clannishness, though the word could be dressed up and disguised as "loyalty to home industry."

Anyhow, there it was, founded upon the supposition that if we could feed, clothe, finance and protect the rest of the world, we might reasonably be considered capable of doctoring our own sick. Our newspapers are the best in the world, we have the finest actors and I am reluctant to believe we have not the greatest doctors.

As it would not do to allow my friends to think me narrow or biased, I permitted the D. W. Griffith of Austrian surgery to take a few additional close-ups of me. There was some hope in my attitude, too, for it is often the last key on the ring that fits the lock.

Dr. Lorenz's report, I am bound to say, was couched in anything but roseate terms. He advised a return to my plaster-of-Paris shell and my fracture board for an indefinite period, or, as the advertising folk say, t.f. If this failed an operation might be attempted, though only as an extreme measure on account of my weight and age.

THE UNKINDEST CUT

Then came the crushing blow. I should never laugh. Dr. Lorenz might not have thought of this puritanical remedy, if I had not referred during the consultation to orthopedic physicians as "crap-shooters." The American doctors present laughed heartily. The Austrian surgeon looked puzzled until I explained to him that the expression was American slang for "bone manipulators." When he himself had finished laughing, he noticed I had joined him, and he inquired with a frown if I laughed often. I told him it was a habit I had contracted early in life and that I had never had enough will power to break myself of it.

That, he replied earnestly, was one cause of the delay in my cure. The vibrations produced by laughter disturbed the solidification of the affected vertebræ. Furthermore, he cautioned me against sneezing for the same reason.

"That means, then, Doctor," said I, suppressing another laugh, "that any one with designs on my life simply has to come in with a pinch of snuff or a funny story, and—Curtain!"

Laugh! But I dare not laugh with you, here's where you must laugh alone.

Doc Lorenz says this earth must be minus my mirth, if I laugh I unset my backbone.

I thought they had done all the pruning they could do to this old frame of mine,
Then Doc Lorenz cut my laughs out, because I have a "Bee Palmer" spine.

No sitting, no standing or walking, but lie here rigid and still,
Must not laugh as it jars me, and jarring is likely to kill;
So back to a sport coat of mortar, on a hard bed of stone cold and flat,
My third Christmas in bed in this harness—what on earth have I got to laugh at?

A MONTH LATER

Dear Doctor Lorenz, take back your advice, I quit laughing for nearly a day,
The world seemed so drab, the sun turned to ice and lost its warm, lustrous ray.
The nurse didn't smile, was silent and cold, the sky was a battleship gray,
The doctors came in but left stories untold, and my friends had to hurry away.

Perhaps you are right, but your treatment's too hard, I either must laugh or I'll cry,
And crying I loathe, it's a coward's trump card, and tears always blister my eye.
I'll do all the rest, anything that you say, and then if I can't stand the gaff,
I'll meet Rennie Wolf on Heaven's Broadway and together we'll have a good laugh.

OLD WINE; NEW BOTTLES

A healer of a quite different type, but one equally as well known of late as the Viennese surgeon, is Emile Coué, of Nancy, France, who paid me a visit during his brief sojourn in the United States. There is nothing new about Coué's theory, nor does he claim there is. He knows that its basic idea is an old one. So is the foundation of all truth. Religion is one of the oldest things in the world, but it is still preached by many—and practiced by some.

We do not believe in our own powers. We lack faith. We live too much on the surface. That was Coué's gentle indictment of us. We are like the half-starved dwellers in Oklahoma and Texas a generation ago, struggling to raise pitiful crops on the very acres that to-day yield fortunes in oil. Those people did not know the land's worth. They were not tilling deep enough. We can all strike oil if we plow far enough mentally, says M. Coué.

IT IS FAITH

The old man who carries a horse-chestnut or a potato in his pocket, firmly believing it will cure his "rheumatiz," the old woman who wears an asafœtida bag around her neck, assured that its odor fortifies her against disease, are both practicing Coué-ism,

though perhaps they wouldn't know whether he is a man or a new breed of poultry.

Possibly I have been an unconscious disciple of the same belief, for since my earliest childhood I have been an instinctive believer in the power of thought. At no time since my present illness began did I think my case hopeless. There were times when I doubted my complete recovery, but never did I despair of improvement. To this day I am confident I should have gotten well much sooner if it had not been for the terrific mental jolt I received when I was first examined by a famous surgeon.

His words, verbatim, were: "You are a very sick woman." And when I asked him how long it would be before I was well, his noncommittal reply was: "At least two years."

THOUGHTS ARE THINGS

Even Dr. Lorenz told me I would improve but that he could not promise me I would ever be entirely well. All of that I had to contend with, and I am winning the fight anyhow. As far back as three years ago, in order to stimulate my faith in my ultimate recovery and plant the same idea in the minds of my friends, I began negotiating for an apartment. Several real estate men can show my letters in their files, inquiring for vacancies and stating that I expected to be able to move into my own home soon.

I believe in believing. I have faith in faith. I may be indifferent to creeds, cults and "isms," but when one-hundred-percent myself again I shall know just where to place the credit. It will have been the result of mass thought, the combined effort of all those rooting for me, the many prayers said in my behalf, and my confidence that God would reward such belief. It is to be ascribed to my friends, their thoughts and their help in securing the best physicians in the land—and even they are only tools in God's hand.

All through the country thousands crowded to hear Coué, and thousands were disappointed because they could not reach him. Yet there is a never-failing Healer with greater power, who does not make promises with reservations, with whom many of the seekers after new things have never tried to communicate. The public would raise an indignant protest if asked to pay two dollars to hear a sermon by the finest preacher in the world and even the evangelist who dares to pass the plate around is accused of harboring a tradesman's soul.

The situation reminds me of a story told of Abraham Lincoln as a young lawyer. He was pleading two cases the same day before the same judge. Both cases involved the same principle of law but in one he appeared for the defendant, while in the other he spoke for the plaintiff. He made an eloquent plea in the morning and won. In the afternoon he

took the opposite side, and was arguing with the same earnestness. The judge, with a half-smile, inquired the cause for his change of attitude.

"Your Honor," said Mr. Lincoln, "I may have been wrong this morning, but I know I am right this afternoon."

I may be wrong about Coué, but I know I am right about God.

Chapter VII

NURSES WHO MET ME

THE NURSE SPIRIT

A wonderful thrill has been mine. I have seen the spirit of Florence Nightingale brought up to Nineteen Twenty Three caliber! I have often wondered how the nurses got their return. To me there seemed little to inspire any one in the monotonous routine of a nurse's day—sponging, carrying trays, listening to the moans of sick people.

The singer I knew got his inspiration from the applause of his audience; a writer, from seeing his copy in print; and a painter from seeing beautiful lines and perfect blending of color mold into form beneath his fingers. But the nurse! Whence came hers?

Certainly not from chronic or orthopedic cases like mine. In such cases there is no crisis, no well-defined turning point. Just one long, monotonous up-hill climb. The nurse may see her efforts rewarded, but reward comes slowly. It is when the turn comes with a snap, like a blinding flash of lightning, that the nurse feels repaid—as in surgical cases, typhoid or pneumonia.

One summer day I was sitting down in the hospital yard in my majestic wheel chair. Jane Splane, a student nurse who formerly had attended me, but had been transferred to another part of the building, passed by. She stopped to speak and I chided her for not having been in to see me.

"Oh, I wouldn't dare to come in to see you when I am nursing four typhoid cases," she told me. "All of the patients have been running temperatures of a hundred and three. But"—and she added it exultantly—"by constant sponging and good care we have reduced them considerably."

When the girl had gone, I sat and pondered. A few days later I was again in the yard. There were several nurses around me and we were chatting about whether skirts should be long or short that season and whether locks should be braided or bobbed, when Miss Splane again appeared. With all the abandon of a woodland elf, she threw her arms into the air, stood pivoted on tiptoe, the smile of the conqueror on her face, and exclaimed triumphantly:

"My worst patient is down to ninety-eight! And I am so happy!"

I was deeply moved by that little gingham-gowned, white-capped student nurse, who had fought and had helped others to fight and conquer—death. It took me three years to see the nurse's spirit in action. But it was worth the wait.

MY PATRON SAINT

There were many other wonderful girls in St. Vincent's, where nurses are recruited from the best families of America and must come up to high mental, moral and religious standards. I should like to have been accorded the privilege of being the mother of several of them.

It will be long before I forget one night during my first weeks at the hospital. I was suffering a great deal, and the usual sleeping potion had failed to work. My little student nurse, timid and frightened at her first service on night duty, leaned over me and whispered:

"Who is your patron saint?"

"Who wants to know?" I inquired, rather annoyed that any one should ask me such a question at such a time.

"Oh," she answered, "you are suffering so, and I don't know what to do for you; I thought I would go in the chapel and say a prayer to your patron saint for you."

Soon afterward I fell asleep; the pain had subsided. I do not know whether the medicine previously given had finally taken effect, whether it was the prayer, or whether it was the peace of mind at knowing I was in the hands of some one who had as much love and sympathy as that little nurse. But I do know that the pain lulled and I slept.

Lillian Caul—that is her name—has graduated now, and suffering humanity is blessed with a fine and very capable nurse.

TIME FOR CLASS

There is one frenzied and hurried moment in the life of a nurse and that is when she has just two minutes left to get from her ward or hall to her class in anatomy or materia medica or bandaging or whatever else she is studying at the moment. Any patient who wants something at that particular time might just as well compose himself and wait until the relieving nurse has arrived. The young lady in the blue uniform has too much on her mind to bother about bells and as for kicks—well, the bark of the professor is much worse than the bite of the patient.

TRY AND FIND IT

A new nurse administered my ablutions one day. When she had reached my third chin she inquired if she should wash my neck.

"Yes, by all means," I told her, "you are privileged to wash it if you can find it, because my chins have found me out."

While on the subject of being washed by some one else, it seems to me I ought to say a word in



W. E. Hill

Miss Revell:

"Miss Hickey, I've been taking these thermometers for four years now and I don't believe they do me a bit of good."

None of the drawings in this book look like me, thank goodness. But this one does look like my nurse. It doesn't require a guessing contest to decide at whom Mr. Hill, famous as the creator of "We Mortals," was gazing when he drew it.

favor of the round washrag as against the square one. If it was compulsory to use the circular ones, it wouldn't be possible for the nurse to let the wet corners trail over one and get into one's mouth while she is washing the face.

CHANGING NURSES

The nurses on general service are shifted from one ward to another very frequently so that they may gain experience in all kinds of cases. The procedure is very good as far as education of the nurse is concerned but it is rather hard on the patient, for sick people grow very attached to those who render them such intimate service.

For the time being the loss is a bitter one, for a good nurse grows to know one's idiosyncrasies and to do things just the way one wants them done. Gradually the new nurse becomes as necessary to comfort and peace of mind as the one who preceded her, and this is as it should be. Otherwise there would be no incentive to do the thousand and one little extra things that soothe the mind of the ill person. Strange to say, one never forgets the other girls who have been so kind and helpful and four years after I entered the hospital the first nurse who was with me was still just as dear to me as the day we said good-by.

HOME TREATMENT

Every one has heard the old joke about the customer in the restaurant asking to see the proprietor, and being told that "he is out to lunch," all of which may or may not have been true. Here is one that is true. I inquired for one of my favorite nurses one morning, and was told that she had gone home sick. My informant added, "That's the reason we are short of nurses. So many of them are at home, sick."

That same day a nurse came in to say good-by; she was going home to be treated. Of course, it was all right. I learned that her mother insisted she come home while ill. But the idea of a nurse leaving a hospital and going home to be sick sounds funny to me.

NURSES' POCKETS

When it comes to being a safe deposit vault, a small boy's pockets are not in it with the uniform pockets of a nurse. Everything that the modern-day Florence Nightingale wishes to store away for the moment goes into her pockets and everything and anything that is needed is straightway produced from those selfsame receptacles. Though I never tried it out, I had no doubt that if I wanted anything from a cream-puff to a six-room furnished

apartment, the nurse would have reached calmly down into the recesses of her skirt and brought it forth.

One day I was accorded the privilege of watching one of the girls on my floor unload her treasure trove. It consisted of a pair of stiffly-starched cuffs, three strings of safety pins, a pair of bandage scissors, a fountain pen, an automatic pencil, a knife, four letters and a postcard, a thermometer, a book of stamps and a pair of shoe laces. Some fine morning they will discover that a couple of the patients are missing, but they needn't worry about it. It will just be because a nurse has absent-mindedly slipped them into her pocket for the night.

INCOMING TROUBLE

There is at least one woman in this world, who thinks that cleanliness, while next to godliness, can be carried too far. The incident that led her to that conclusion happened a long time ago, but the mention of it is still good for a laugh from the nurses to whom it has become somewhat of a tradition.

It was both visitors' day and admittance day in the public ward and the nurse in charge there received a 'phone call from the office to the effect that a patient was being sent up. Accordingly she waited at the elevator and presently there emerged from it

a party of four women, one of them with a slip of paper in her hand.

The nurse took the latter by the arm and, inviting the woman's friends to be seated, led the way to the bathroom. On the way she made inquiries as to the prospective patient's doctor and put the other stock questions. The woman spoke very broken English, however, and in addition seemed to be somewhat bewildered and the nurse did not acquire much information. On arrival at the bath, the nurse said pleasantly that the woman must take a bath and wash her hair.

"But I took a bath this morning," objected the newcomer haltingly, "and I washed my hair three days ago."

The nurse said she was sorry but that this procedure was the rule and having taken the woman's clothes and substituted a kimona, left to attend to several duties. An interval of fifteen minutes followed and then, deeming that enough time had elapsed, she hurried to the bath. The woman was sitting on the edge of the tub, her hair wet, and copious tears streaming down her face.

"You mustn't worry," the nurse told her soothingly, "everything will be all right."

"But, Miss," said the woman between sobs, "do I have to do this every time I want to visit my sister?"

SCRUBBED UP

Nurses look forward with a mixture of delight and fear to that important period of their training when they are working with the doctors in the operating room. The work is highly interesting but discipline is rigid, as is necessary where the slightest slip or carelessness might cost the life of the patient. For instance there is a strict rule that when a nurse is "scrubbed up" for an operation she shall not touch anything but sterile instruments and bandages until it is over. However the routine is not devoid of humorous touches occasionally.

One noon as I was doing my daily dozen—steps, not exercises—I paused near the nurses' dressing room long enough to hear this little dialogue.

"Will you scratch my eyebrow?" asked one of the prettiest nurses in the school, a real Irish beauty named Elizabeth Duggan, of another who was washing instruments. "It's itching and I'm scrubbed up."

The second nurse scratched the offending eyebrow vigorously and then returned to her polishing. She had just gotten a good start when the little Irish nurse interrupted again.

"Josephine," she said, "you'll have to stop again. It was very kind of you to un-itch my eyebrow—but you forgot to put it back straight again."

I knew that the nurses had to be pretty careful how they prepared for the operating room, but I had never suspected that even their eyebrows had to be flattened according to rule.

NOW, GIRLS

Girls, I hate to tell on you. But a story is a story. I saw the *Catholic News* under the newsboy's arm and asked him if he sold many of them in the hospital. He replied: "Not many, excepting the week *Snappy Stories* comes out. I sell several then."

"What on earth," I exclaimed, "have those two publications to do with each other?"

"Well, you see, the nurses buy *Snappy Stories* to read and the *Catholic News* to cover it with so the nuns won't see it."

A SHATTERED ILLUSION

Whatever idea I may once have had that I am good copy was dissipated on one occasion. In taking me out of bed, the nurse always lifted my feet first before attempting to hoist me up. One day she swung me up on my feet with a little more vigor than usual and I landed right in the waste-paper basket that was standing near the bed. I've been wondering ever since if she really was as ignorant of newspaper methods as she pretended to be or

whether it was only an accident. It's bad enough to be left on the galley in the overset, but to be entirely "scrapped" is awful.

ALL GONE NOW

Page Mr. Volstead! He has overlooked a bet. Every night for many months, the patients on my floor were treated by Crowe, Haig and Holland. Not Bourbon, Scotch and gin, as one might assume, but by nurses whose names were Katherine Crowe, Pauline Haig and Grace Holland.

At another time the line-up of nurses on my floor was Miss Lyons, Miss Cooney and Miss Ring. There was a patient on the hall named Lamb, but they never got me confused with her. I was the goat! And that's no kid. But occasionally I got my innings. One of my nurses had beautiful Titian hair and knew it. One day she asked me just what we theatrical people would call her shade of hair. I told her we would call it Schenectady and then kept her guessing for three days before I explained that Schenectady is near Auburn.

LOSING A PET

One cloud on the beautiful horizon of a New Year was losing one of my pet nurses, who was transferred to another hospital to extend her training. Whoever

has been in a hospital and had a nurse who always knew just exactly how they liked their coffee and just how thick to cut their bread; knew just how to fix their pillows; just when they have been sitting up long enough and watched their pulse lest they become too weak before she summoned aid; who always had a smile for them; never would admit they were occasionally cross or unreasonable; understood and sympathized with even their squeamishness; entered into the spirit of their jokes; got as much pleasure out of opening their packages as they did; got so she knew by the envelopes whom their mail was from; and, in fact, thought and fairly breathed for them for months, they will know just how deep was my loss.

But, thank goodness, it was only temporary. When she returned from the maternity hospital, where she had gone to learn how to take care of brand-new babies and their mothers, she came back to St. Vincent's. I missed Katherine Crowe, but I was consoled with the thought that my loss was the gain of some young mothers and little babies, who found a kind, sympathetic, patient friend in her.

LEFT BEHIND

If one really wants to know how it feels to be marooned on a desert island, all they have to do is lie in a hospital and see class after class of nurses

graduate and go out into the world, leaving them behind. Of all the classes I had seen finish, the departure of the Class of 1923 affected me most, for they came to the hospital as probationers at almost exactly the same time I came as a patient and I had always felt as though I belonged to that class.

Though I missed every one of them, humanity at large was the gainer by such nurses as Helen Metcalf, Mary Raymond, Kathleen Jackman, Mary Walker, Josephine Cleary, Mary Counighan, Esther McGrath, Julia Bowes, May Roach, Esther Sullivan, Katherine O'Brien, Anna Cosgrove, Vivian Ring, Mary Ryan, Katherine Crowe and Agnes Devine.

ODE TO THE CLASS OF 1923

(With apologies to Kipling)

If you can please the sisters and the doctors,
The superintendent and the patients, too,
The patients' families and your senior nurses,
'Twould seem that you'd have quite enough to do.

If you can please the Czarines of the pantry,
The Napoleons who massage and bathe the hall,
And yell at you for not walking on the ceiling;
Or smile when you have lost your beau's 'phone call.

If you can please the internes and house-doctors,
And hold your tongue when the buck they try to pass,
Or when chambermaids and elevator workers
Think your day is lost without their sass.

If you can stay your tears when in the drug room,
They ask for whom and why you want their wares,
Send you back pronto for prescriptions,
And make you climb what seems a million stairs.

If you survive two months in the "O P" room,
With "tie my gown," and "hand me this or that,"
The wild excitement of the doctor's scolding,
Still don't give up and leave your training flat.

If you don't swear the night you've got a "heavy,"
And are informed it's your turn to relieve.
If you still stick when lying tongues run rampant,
That those in charge seem disposed to believe.

If you can glide past Tom at nearly daybreak,
Sign the book and make it look like "ten o'clock";
If you can fool the sisters and the nurses,
When you go hatless for a "walk around the block."

If you can keep your head when bells around you
Are ringing 'til you don't know what to do.
If you can keep your heart when handsome internes
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you.

If now that you have finished training,
You can look back upon this life as mild,
Yours is the earth, but I'm here to tell you,
You'll not be a nurse—you'll be a saint, my child!

Chapter VIII

"AND THE PATIENT LIVED"

I am tortured by the revels of a hundred thousand devils,
Who are pounding on the center of my spine,
With a rhythm diabolic, that has made me melancholic
As submissively in anguish I recline.
Every movement is a visit of a new-born pain exquisite,
And at times it seems I cannot long endure,
But with Spartan strength I tarry as my battle on I carry,
With the goal of convalescence as a lure.

—ANONYMOUS.

BACK TALK

During the course of my treatments I had my back photographed oftener than Kitty Gordon has and was treated for everything but dandruff. For four years I studied anatomy while swarms of doctors played "Put and Take" on my spine. An operation grew to be merely an incident, but having my back washed was an event. It amused me to read of people being annoyed because they had to have a prescription to get a cocktail. I had to have a prescription to get a bath, for the nurse was not allowed to wheel me under the shower without the doctor's express permission.

BACKS MOST VITAL

Treatments came thick and fast, but I had enough time in between to think out the conclusion that if a person insists upon being sick he should pick some part of the anatomy other than the spine. It is the most difficult to diagnose and to treat and more completely disables one than almost any other illness.

Apropos of this, Dr. Fred Albee told me of an incident that occurred during the recent international unpleasantness. After a battle a trainload of wounded was brought into the base hospital, many of the injured soldiers being colored.

Two of the cases to which Dr. Albee was ministering had been fine specimens of colored manhood and they were placed in the ward side by side. One had both legs shattered and the other had been injured in the spine by an airplane bomb. The following day while Dr. Albee was on his rounds he heard the spinal case say to the other:

"What did dey done do to you, boy?"

"They just done subtrac' bof mah laigs, thassall," was the answer.

"Is yo back all right?"

"Ain't nothin' but."

"Sho, boy, then there ain't a thing ails you."

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND *By Briggs*



The caption does Not refer to the chisels, hammers, broadswords and blowtorches in the background. But there is such a thing as too much custard, and if there's anything in the world I loathe that's it. The hospital supplied it, my friends brought it. I ate that of my friends and swore it was good. They believed me and brought more, which, I suppose, was only just retribution for my hypocrisy.

WANTED: GOOD CONCRETE MIXER

After a fleet of doctors, operations, consultations, plaster-of-Paris casts, every kind of surgical corset and, as an afterthought, plenty of leather and iron braces, it began to look as though my cure would have to be effected through a good stone mason. The bed, which Dr. Lorenz prescribed for me, was of mortar and had to be built around a core, which was me, while the mixture was soft. When it dried it held me more rigidly than a Puritan conscience. Even Houdini, who dropped in one day when I had a new form-fitter on, admitted that he was nonplussed.

It looked a good deal like a viaduct to me and I felt like nothing less than the Lincoln Highway. Why couldn't some nice, kind ouija board have told me in the beginning that it was a hodcarrier I needed, instead of a doctor? The walking delegate, however, was a good Elk and did not call a strike with the job half-finished, leaving me suspended just after getting the corner-stone laid.

WHAT HE MEANT

About that time I began to wish I could meet the editor whom I 'phoned years ago about a story. He told me to put it in concrete form and I didn't know then just what he meant. I know now for I wore

one for three years. And if I had gotten shell-shock at any time during that period I would have known where to put the blame. It would have been caused by the concrete shell I was wearing.

CHANGING THE CAST

They changed the cast so often that, in the vernacular of the stage, I was never quite sure whether I was in for a summer run or was going to be sent on the road to play the "sticks." As time passed Dr. Sayre, the casting director, also took out some of my lines but unlike Director Lorenz he made no attempt to eliminate my laughs.

I couldn't help wondering as I met each new support if it would recognize that I had some rights and not crowd me for the center of the stage all the time. That was a failing of the old casts and it gave me many an uncomfortable hour. All in all I didn't care for any of them, for I realized that I was the only person in the cast that the public was interested in.

OFF THE BOARDS

It failed to worry me a bit when I read the editorial in a Sunday paper on the tendency of theatrical managers to shorten their casts. I was right up to date for my director had been reducing the cast

every week. In fact if he kept on, I expected to be doing a monologue within a couple of months. It didn't dishearten me either, when I heard that before the next season I was to end my run and be taken off the boards, meaning the fracture-board I had been performing on for almost four years.

IF THAT'S HEAVEN

Just as all this was happening Sir Arthur Conan Doyle arrived in this country with the pronouncement that "there is no hell." I wish I could have asked him what he would call being hung up by the wrists and having his chin bandaged to a board, his mouth packed so he wouldn't bite his tongue off, his knees strapped together, the support kicked from under his feet so that he could dangle by the wrists for fifteen minutes to straighten his spine; then to be encased in a plaster-of-Paris cast from his neck to his heels and be left lying on an eighteen-inch board without spring or mattress. If the florid imagination that created Sherlock Holmes would not call that "Hell," then he is certainly the world's worst optimist.

GRAND AND GLORIOUS

Part of the time that I spent in bed, I was in every sort of contrivance from imitation incubators

to what looked like the latest in dog-houses. As for iron girdles I had used enough to build that bridge across to Jersey. Even my feet were kept in bandages and stockings.

Under these circumstances it is not to be wondered at that I expressed something akin to unrestrained joy when all of the strappings were taken from my feet, my hose were removed for the first time in many months and I could feel the sheets on my bare feet. I could even turn over alone, though of course I was not yet able to pull myself up.

At first I was permitted out of my shell for only short and infrequent intervals but that just made me more appreciative of my few minutes' respite from the equipment that surrounded me. But to have felt again my bare feet on the nice, cool sheets! And to have the freedom of the knees! Oh, boy, what a grand and glorious feeling!

OUT OF THE CAST

At length the day came when the manufacturer of iron sidewalls delivered my new scenery and I scrapped the cast. "I've stepped out of it. Now see how long the show will run without me," as my actor friends say. But anyway I didn't care to be in a show that had been in "cut-rates" since its opening.

A SAD PARTING

I must have gone to sleep one night with my mouth open and a nurse, seeing I had teeth, reported me. Anyway my teeth were the first things the doctors picked on, or rather out. As a starting point it wasn't bad and I suppose I should have been thankful they didn't begin by rigging me up as a radio receiving station.

To extract three molars the dentist gave me what he optimistically called a local anesthetic. "Conductive Anesthesia" is the alluring phrase employed on the time-table to describe the beauties of the trip, and it is so used because the conductor injects novocaine upon the right-of-way of the offending teeth. The theory is that the drug will conduct that part of the gum into such a state of insensibility that the traveler will never realize the sad moment of parting with lifelong friends.

It would be a painless journey I was assured, and I was gullible enough to board the train. But long before reaching my destination I learned to my great sorrow that I had erred in taking the local. I should have selected the express and gone into the sleeper. Another thing I discovered was that the conductor was not a regular conductor. He was either a brakeman or a section hand, for he broke one tooth into five sections.

Yet in his crude way he was skilled and I had to admire the manner in which he backed the huge steam derrick into such a narrow opening to rout out the unsound ties of the roadbed. As he did it, a locomotive with six headlights danced crazily before my eyes, while its four whistles and eight bells kept up such an infernal racket I thought the Armistice was being celebrated all over again in my attic.

And the irony of the whole affair—if one can so refer to what seemed to be the extraction of steel-embedded teeth from an iron jaw—was brought to my understanding the next day when my nurse announced her departure for a few days to have a couple of teeth removed. I asked her why she didn't have it done in the hospital and she informed me she knew a dentist up-town who extracted without pain. Her successor, to pour oil on the flames of my discontent, took the afternoon off to have a tooth pulled by a dental surgeon a block away from the hospital.

FROM TOES TO TONSILS

The next thing I knew the doctor thought I ought to have my tonsils out. I suppose he had been reading the department store advertisements and believed that to "Do Your Christmas Chopping Early" was the correct thing. They had started with my ankles and had gotten as far as my tonsils, so I had hopes. After all, tonsils, like murder, will out.

The coming-out party was postponed about as often as a Broadway première but the burning of the tonsil with nitric acid was still in vogue (not a book on fashions). After the first application I hoped they would take them out and, if they wanted to continue to treat them with acid, the farther out the better. And then by the process of elimination I might either get well—or something.

BACK BAY BUGS

For several months my medical board had me taking Bulgarian Bacilli, on the theory that the big bugs would eat the little ones, though nobody seemed to know what the big bugs would do when the supply of little ones was exhausted. They hailed from Boston and in my relations with them, I should have conformed to all the rules and regulations of the socially élite, though that was hard to do when I was swallowing them whole. Towards the end of our acquaintance I got over my fear of their Harvard education and their broad "A" and got familiar enough with them to call them "Back Bay Bugs."

SUPPLY AND DEMAND

For a long time the doctor had been prescribing hypodermic injections of (I know what they are, but I can't either pronounce or spell them) in order

to build up my blood-supply. Then at the end of the treatment, they came in for a blood-test and coaxed from my veins quite a quantity of that very fluid. It may have been all for the best, but it reminded me of the little boy who was given a nickel a dose for taking cod-liver oil. It worked out so that just when the bottle was gone, he had exactly enough nickels saved up to buy himself another bottle.

A GOOD STRETCH

It was along in the fourth year that they thought of a new one to do to me. At least it was a little different and, having the advantage of novelty, it served to break the monotony, for which I suppose one should have been grateful. The next time any one is suffering from ennui and craves a thrill, they ought to try being hung on a tripod by some one that understand orthopedic surgery.

First a strap is tied around the chin and iron hoops are put under the armpits; then one end of the strap is tied to the tripod, while some husky person hauls away at the other end. This has the effect of stretching one's spine by lifting them off their feet and leaving the armpits as the sole means of support. And they can't claim exemption for that either.

One finds before this very entertaining process has gone far that the vertebræ are not nearly as

elastic as the imagination. And if it does not prove to be a thriller, I resign here and now as a prognosticator.

After my various experiences with tripods, doctors and dentists I am convinced that the only living organism I envy is a jellyfish. If there be such a thing as reincarnation I would like to spend my next earthly existence as one. They have no spine and therefore can have no backaches; they are brainless and so can't have headaches; they have no teeth and thus can't have toothaches. And what more does any poor fish want!

BATTER UP

Just before one of the deciding games of the World's Series of operations I was playing on the diamond of life, Dr. Stewart explained that the operation he intended to "do on me" was known as an "exploratory," meaning that he wanted to find out if his diagnosis of my condition was correct. Why he didn't call it an "inquisitive" I don't know.

After the onslaught was over and the returns were in, I came up for air and asked the gentlemanly surgeon for an inventory. I warned him that if I got no rebate for what he took out I would refuse to pay for what he put in. "Fair enough," he acquiesced and proceeded to explain very patiently what had transpired. Of course it was all as clear as the

income tax to me, but I did gather that from the number of points visited he must have made a Cook's Tour.

OPEN SEASON

The hospital season was not considered officially opened until I had my annual cold, laryngitis and all that it meant, including lame optics. It seemed to me that if there was anything to Disraeli's epigram to the effect that seeing much, studying much and suffering much are the three pillars of learning, I should be able to give Solomon a run for his laurels.

About a month before the holidays every year I got everything that was going. In fact, I got it whether it was going or coming. I could catch anything in the world except the mouse that looked defiantly at me as it did a Gaby glide across my floor each night.

There was one fall when I couldn't even see the mouse and hadn't dared look at a newspaper for weeks. I could neither read nor answer my mail and I dictated my column material in a room as dark as I wish my hair was. I couldn't lie flat on account of my heart and I couldn't sit up on account of my back. About the only thing I could safely do was hear and I had completely given up hope of being out of the stenches by Christmas.

DON'T HAVE A HEART

The old expression, "Have a heart," may be all right in its way but any one that listens to my advice will worry along without one as much as possible. If there is anything worse than a trick back it is a heartless heart, such as I had acquired. The condition was due, no doubt, to the long strain that had been placed upon it and the fat allowed to accumulate around it during my years of inactivity.

A masseuse had been engaged to manipulate my muscles and masseuses can often rub one the wrong way. It had never occurred to any one to examine my heart or take my blood pressure before subjecting me to the exercises that resembled the "Walter Camp's" given to the A.E.F. The result was that my heart filed a conscientious objection.

It was what I would call an "elevator heart." The doctors told me I would not be able to climb stairs in the future. Neither could I run for street cars or take long walks. That had its advantages, though, for I figured I would continue to be on the level the rest of my life and be let in on the ground floor of everything.

It hurt me to talk and that was one of my worst hardships. Even the exertion of using my toothbrush caused the organ to break into a foxtrot. Presently, however, my blood pressure left the cellar and began to rise and my heart stopped looping the loop.

But during all my "trials and tribs" nothing—not even the most serious operation—left me quite as limp and ambitionless as that bum heart.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE

When even some of my enemies had complimented me on having a good heart, it was somewhat of a shock to have the medical rewrite men insist that it was all wrong. They gave me all sorts of warnings to keep quiet lest I shove it off its trolley. One doctor told me to exclude coffee from my diet because it affects the heart. Five days later, when a heart specialist was called in, the first thing he ordered was caffeine.

Another instance of "write your own ticket" occurred about the same time. While I was being given a hypodermic of adrenalin for the heart the needle must have struck a coarse and stubborn wire some place in me. Anyway, it caused a painful abrasion and swelling, and the house doctor ordered a hot water bottle applied to it.

"And if that doesn't relieve it," he told the nurse, "put an ice bag on it."

It recalls the old story Elizabeth Murray used to tell in vaudeville about the colored nurse, who, when asked if she used a thermometer to test the temperature of the baby's bath, replied:

"Lawd, honey, Ah doesn't need no 'mometer.

Ah'se got a way to fin' out wetheh de wateh's too col' or too hot. Ah jus' fills de baftub and puts de chile in. If he tu'ns red it's too hot an' if he tu'ns blue it's too col', thassall."

CONTINUITY IMPORTANT

It must not be thought that my therapeutic contractors devoted the major part of their efforts to my spine. They figured, I suppose, that as long as I had to stay in the hospital anyway, I might just as well lose everything losable and get the bother over with in a hurry.

So whenever they thought a certain thing was retarding my recovery, they had it out right then and there. I am still surprised at the number of things a person can do without—and live. Gall bladders, appendices, tonsils, and any number of other things can be dispensed with and never missed. But I'll confess they had me wondering how they were going to remove my heart, without, to say the least, impairing my continuity.

CIRCULATION PROBLEMS

Wanted: Circulation Manager.

The congress of medicos, who were trying to get a bill of health passed for me, explained that the cause of "my heart's bowed down" condition was poor circulation and that I would have to boost it considerably before I could sit up.

I must confess I know more about the advertising and editorial ends than about the circulation department. But I always understood that when our circulation falls off it is because our competitors are getting what should be coming to us, and that a voting contest or giving away prizes are the two popular methods of reclaiming it.

FOR DISARMAMENT

As soon as my circulation was strong enough to command attention I came out in favor of disarmament. Disarmament of the doctors. One of them had gotten into the habit of making stripes on my back with a red-hot needle.

There was a nurse to hold my hands, another one to hold the flame and the doctor heated the needle and did the branding. He called it a counterirritant, but he closed the doors so the nuns could not hear what I called it. And then another one of my health faculty came in, wheeling a cart that looked like a hokey-pokey ice-cream wagon. It was an electric machine and he came in to electrify me. He did. "I never was so shocked in my life."

LOTS O' LITES

Among Campbellites and Israelites I have lots of friends, but it remained for my nurse to introduce me to a Thermolite. And she did it while my back

was turned, too. The new "ite" was an improved fireless cooker with a four-hundred candle power (or horse power) globe.

The young lady, after smearing my affected area with a mustard paste smelling like the national flower of Barron Island, turned on the Beacon light and played its rays up and down the trail of my bonesome spine. It was not so very painful when she kept it moving; but when she hesitated! Talk about the searchlight of public scrutiny making one wince under its rays! Meet my Thermolite.

THE EVASIVE TREATMENT

After screwing up my courage for a long while I ventured to ask the doctor how much longer he thought the siege would last. He replied that he was not a calendar, that it took a long time for a back to knit and that the best thing to do was just say nothing, saw wood and content myself with being the passenger, while he played the rôle of conductor.

Evasiveness seems to be part of the treatment for cases such as mine, and while being a passenger sounded well, I was still curious to know how long the haul and what was the destination.

Besides, since I had nothing to do with precipitating the world into the late war, I failed to see why I should have to "saw wood." All in all it was somewhat mixed. First he wanted me to knit and

then to saw wood. No wonder there was so much talk about unemployment. They had me doing all the work. Neither did I see any reason why I should knit. My back could if it wanted to, though goodness only knows where it learned how, for I was never able to purl a single stitch and the war was won without my knitting.

TOO MANY IMPROVEMENTS

As the months rolled on and I still remained in bed in spite of the many successful treatments I was reminded of the story about the poor immigrant whose wife was in the hospital. Each day when he went to inquire about her, he was told there was a "great improvement." Day after day the anxious husband heard the same bromidic reply. Finally one morning they told him she was dead. Later, when asked by a friend what she died of, he said: "Too many improvements."

AND SHE LIVED

Then came the climax. They put me on a diet and bandaged my eyes, though reading and eating had been the only things left me. And a friend came in to tell me the world was getting better every day. Oh, well, I suppose Pollyanna would have said I was far too fat and had seen about everything anyhow.

Chapter IX

FELLOW PATIENTS

LATEST IN CALENDARS

Every woman in the world dates her calendar from her last operation. In the years gone by they used to date all important events from the year of the big frost or the year the children had the measles. But now I reckon they don't have children and, if they do, the children don't have the measles. Nothing else stamps itself so indelibly on mamma's mind as her last operation, and every woman seems to have had one some time in her career.

The operationless woman would be as much out of style as a petticoat or the woman who doesn't roll her own (sox), and the way their imagination runs riot when they are describing it to their friends! A woman who wouldn't think of distorting the truth on any other subject just refuses to be hampered by facts during her organ recital, and nine out of ten greet their post-operative visitors with a speech something like this:

"Oh, yes, I suppose I am looking pretty good to-day. But you should have seen me yesterday! The doctor was really frightened; he told me so to-day. I hadn't had one wink of sleep for five

nights. Oh, yes, I'm glad I had the operation. The doctor says it was the worst case he had ever seen. If he had postponed it one hour longer, nothing on earth could have saved me; and it was only my will-power and the help I gave him that pulled me through. I was on the operating table six hours and have fifty stitches in me. I had to be etherized twice, and the anesthetician says I take as much ether as a man does. You know it's harder to etherize men than women, because men are stronger-minded. The doctors all say they never saw a patient so brave and one that could stand so much pain as I did. For they know what I was suffering. I was unconscious three weeks. They wonder how I ever lived with all that was the matter with me. Of course I'm glad it's over. It was the only thing to do, but it was terrible."

They all say it!

TRUTH WILL OUT

One whiff of ether makes us all Jekylls and Hydes. The belief that conscience makes cowards of us all is strengthened when one has watched a few people come out of the ether.

"What did I say? What did I talk about?" That seems to be the all-important question and it is omitted by very few when coming out of the anesthetic. And their anxiety until they are assured

that they have in no way committed themselves bears out another saying that, "There's a family skeleton in every closet."

Almost all call for the person nearest related to them. Others talk on subjects they are chiefly concerned in or about the last thing they hear in the operating room. Sometimes the people you would least expect it from, hurl the most outlandish profanity, even vulgarity, at those in attendance. Refined, cultured women, from excellent families, frequently use language when under ether that would do credit to an uprising in the Tombs.

On the other hand, some of the patients in emergency cases, brought in after a shooting or stabbing affray in the underworld, take the ether without resistance and come out of it without a murmur. Were it not for the presence of the policeman, who must be stationed near patients who are prisoners, one would never surmise that this mild-mannered, submissive, polite person was a notorious gangster with a crimson record.

Many are the tales that could be told, were it not a violation of professional ethics to disclose anything heard while the patient is under an anesthetic. It has never affected me twice in the same way. I am informed that once I came out, saying a prayer and calling for the nun who had charge of my floor, and my cries of "Sister Flav-i-ana—Sister Flav-i-ana," could be heard above everything else.

Just before my last onslaught I had been reading about a new ether discovery by some scientists, who claimed that when their "truthful ether" was given to a criminal suspected of a crime, it would, provided he had any knowledge of the crime, cause him to confess all he knew. According to Dr. Flagg, who was the chauffeur on my trips to slumberland, I dared him to use "truthful ether" on me.

The last thing we say just before the ether takes effect is the most interesting to the doctors. Most of us try to assume a stoic pose and pretend great composure; we want to startle the medical world with our bravery; we want to impress the people in the operating room with our self-control. We don't fool them for a minute. They can see we are pale behind the gills.

HAZING NURSES

Among the steady patrons of the operating room are the nurses. Whenever a nurse has nothing else to do she whiles away an hour or so under the ether and if there is a tonsil or an appendix at large among the staff it is only because the surgeons have been rushed with other business and haven't gotten around to them. The rest of the staff have much fun with each nurse before and after the operation.

A pocket edition of the old stage comedy, "The Doctor Shop," is staged for the occasion and the

poor girl is mercilessly third-degreed about what she is supposed to have said when under the anesthetic, and all sorts of jokes are perpetrated on the victim. Of course this only obtains when the patients are of the staff and is given and taken in a spirit of camaraderie.

The nurses' sick room was across the hall from me and as I knew all the nurses I was usually let in on the joke. One nurse upon coming out from the ether was proclaiming her love for one of the internes. Another was calling for her sweetheart. One said: "Wouldn't it be wonderful to die?" Mildred Haggerty, another little Irish nurse, who had just had her tonsils removed, said in all seriousness while under the anesthetic: "Oh, I'm so sick. This is absolutely the last time I'll ever have my tonsils out."

THE HOSPITAL BLUES

Those who are privileged to have good health and are around where they hear the latest tunes, possibly have never heard of "The Hospital Blues." The hackneyed Blue Monday was somewhat modified at St. Vincent's by the changing of the day. Operations for removal of the tonsils were scheduled for Tuesday of each week and most of the cases were children, who began to cry before they reached the operating room. I could hear their hysterical, yet pitiful, moans and named them the Hospital Blues.

Though it wrenched at the heart to hear the youngsters as they were wheeled by, it was comforting to realize that a tonsil operation is comparatively simple and painless for a child.

THE PARTY

A house party in a hospital! It sounds rather paradoxical. Yet a hospital is not all operations and ether and a house party is what went on at St. Vincent's during the three weeks that Cornelius Fellowes, racing man and husband of Mlle. Dazie, was an enforced fellow-guest there.

While I was naturally sorry that Mr. Fellowes had to go to the hospital, I was genuinely glad he selected St. Vincent's, for I enjoyed his company very much. During the early stages of his internment our communications were limited to notes, with Mrs. Fellowes and the nurses acting as messengers, for our rooms were separated by two floors and only women patients were allowed in my hall. Then the thought occurred to me that we ought to exchange visitors and there was an automatic, self-starting, perpetual-motion house party.

Of course, like all parties, this had to come to an end but I derived much consolation from the fact that it was a happy ending for Mr. Fellowes.

ALONG CAME RUTH

One evening in the fall of 1922, "Babe" Ruth and several other big-leaguers strayed into my room and for a moment I thought that the World's Series was going to be played on my rug. I soon learned that it was because Mr. and Mrs. Ruth were coming into the hospital for operations. The papers next day carried stories about how the idol of the fans ate breakfast with me just before he went to the "composing room," but that was only an idea of the more imaginative sport writers. I ate breakfast. He didn't.

If Clare Briggs ever runs out of ideas for "When a Feller Needs a Friend," he might draw one of The Babe as I saw him that morning. If he had ever looked like that at Judge Landis, I am sure the ban would have been lifted at once. It was the second time in a few months that the mighty hitter had been under the ether in that hospital and we had learned to know when he was coming out, for he always wanted to fight every one near him.

SISTERS ALL

Pain is a great leveler of rank, and in a hospital there is no such thing as "the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady." Of kindred afflictions, we were all brothers and sisters in sorrow whether in public

wards or private rooms. Those of us more fortunate than the others simply assumed a big-sisterly attitude toward the friendless and more lonesome and the books, flowers and "goodies" that came were theirs just as much as ours.

It is doubtful if there is any formal sorority or fraternity that brings its members as close together in the bonds of sympathy as that of the patients of the same doctor. This is particularly true of orthopedic (bone) cases for they are the longest confined and in consequence become acquainted with each other and the details of each other's ailments. Medical and surgical cases are usually of short duration, the average period of hospital treatment being about three weeks, but orthopedics remain anywhere from six months to three years.

Through the doctor in charge, the internes and the nurses one patient hears about another and becomes as much interested in his fight for health as in his own. When the senior nurse makes her rounds in the morning taking temperatures, generally the first question asked of her is, "How is Number So-and-So this morning?" And in this way is begun what frequently prove fast friendships.

EXCEPTIONS MAKE RULES

One of my self-imposed regulations was that I could have no visits from fellow-patients. I felt the

greatest sympathy with them but I realized that when sick people get together the main topic of conversation is apt to be their illness and I did not want to think, much less talk about, my physical ailments.

However, it takes a few exceptions to make every rule, and in my case they were Louise Stuart Holman, a Texas woman and a professor of the Academy of Music at Texarkana; Pauline Magruder, a former society girl in Washington, who had sustained an injury as an army nurse during the war; Mrs. George Wiley, of Hudson Falls, N. Y., and Mrs. Frank Hart of Flushing, Long Island, all four of them now being on the high road to health. I never regretted relaxing my prohibition of visits as far as these women were concerned, for I have yet to observe any one more cheerful under physical suffering than they and our talks helped keep up my own spirits. Whenever I think of them, I know that not all the fighting was done in the trenches.

A TENDER MEMORY

She was a Franciscan nun, I belonged to the world, but our friendship will always be one of my tenderest memories. A year or more after I was brought to the hospital, she came, to begin the same battle I was fighting. At first she was able to get about a little and drawn together, perhaps, by the bond of a

common illness, we became acquainted. As time went on our friendship ripened. We spent many hours together and regretted that we had not known each other from girlhood on.

Then her illness became acute. She was confined to her bed in a cast but every day we managed to exchange messages of hope and encouragement. One day the last and saddest word came. She had lost the fight, with my name the last upon her lips. Dear, gentle, brave servant of the Lord! How often I have missed her! But she has not gone from me forever, and I know I have an ambassador at court.

TOMMY'S TIP

One of my protegés was a young man of twenty-one, who suffered from the same affliction as I. I had a lot of fun fixing up baskets to send him, putting in some of all the "goodies," and I heard that these little donations were as good as medicine for him, the cigarettes in particular.

One day not long after I first knew him he had just received some cigarettes a woman had sent me for him after reading in my column of his brave fight. The nurse who carried them to him said it was well worth all the cigarettes in the world to see his delighted expression and hear him say: "Thank you, nurse. And also thank Miss Revell and the lady who sent the cigarettes to her." And as she walked

away she heard Tommy say to the fellow on the cot next to his: "Ain't women a wonderful race?"

THE HUMAN EQUATION

The old adage that one good one makes up for several bad ones still holds true. It was proved to my satisfaction by an incident that occurred during my stay at St. Vincent's.

A man who had a private room, special nurses, many telephone calls and other incidentals, went away leaving a bad check in payment, but not long afterward was apprehended and held for judgment. On the same day that this cheat was arrested a neatly but not expensively-dressed young man called at the hospital and asked to see the sister in charge.

"I just came in to settle an old board bill that I have owed a year," he said.

Upon being referred to the accounting department he was informed that he owed nothing as he had been in a free bed.

"Well," he inquired, "what would the bill have been if it hadn't been free?"

A statement for $110 was given him and he paid it out of a roll of bills amounting to $122. He then gave ten out of the remaining twelve dollars to the sister "for smokes for the fellows," he said, adding that $2 was enough to get him back to the ship where he was employed as a stoker.

TESTING HEART STRINGS

"The Patients' Husbands' Club" is what we called them. It is a club whose initiation fee and dues are paid in heart pangs. It was interesting to watch these husbands of the different patients, to see the "When a Feller Needs a Friend" look and the attempt at bravery when facing bad news. If ever there was a doubt in my mind about men being but grown-up boys, it vanished after I had watched a few score of men pace the floor while their wives were in the operating room.

It is then that a man needs help if ever. I have watched the young newlywed wait for tidings from his bride, and the frightened but adoring expression when he is permitted to see her. Then there is the husband of the middle-aged woman who probably has to do the housework while his wife is in the hospital. He comes in and brings the children. I have more than once heard the husband rehearsing the children as to what they should or should not say, lest they "Make mamma worry."

There is the fine old gentleman whose white-haired wife is fighting her way back to life and who walks the floor anxiously until he is allowed to see "mother." They sit together then for hours, not a word passing between them, though she seems happy just to know he is there. His solicitude for her comfort and her daily watch for his appearance

refute what the cynics say about the fading of romance.

These worried men provoked other thoughts and whenever I saw the husband of some fellow-patient fidgeting outside the room in which his wife was being treated, I could not but wonder if he was always so solicitous about her. Had he been careless or indifferent in his attentions to her and now, when there was a possibility of losing her, was he just learning to appreciate what she meant to him? Perhaps; but there was always the hope that the cloud hanging over them would soon roll away and reveal a silver lining of renewed confidence and rekindled love made stronger through suffering.

A SUCCESSFUL CAREER

However much I might have conjectured about the relations between the members of this club and their wives, there were others who waited for the operating room door to open about whose feelings there could be no doubt.

The text for this was supplied by a white-haired, kind-faced old lady who was about to undergo an operation considered a big surgical risk. The doctor was assuring her that he personally believed it would be all right, but added that there is always an element of danger.

She answered: "Well, even if it isn't all right, you

will have done your best. I am so glad this didn't overtake me before I got my nine children raised, for five of them were girls and girls need mothers more than boys do. But they are all married and my boys have good jobs and they can all spare me now."

Could she have seen the anxious faces of that family of nine waiting for the result of the operation she would not have believed she could have been spared. It is pleasant to record that the operation was a success. But no matter what the result had been, that mother was a success.

THE MOTHER'S RICHES

The name of another mother here wasn't Mrs. Casey but we will call her that. She was paralyzed; she could not be moved without great caution. She was in a ward. She didn't have a nice private room like some of us. She didn't have the gorgeous flowers, fruit and expensive gifts. She didn't have half the company. But she was the envy of more than one of us who saw her two fine daughters come every day, rain or shine, to see "Mother, dear" and to feed her themselves and tie ribbons on her hair, read to her, water the plant on the window sill. They were all things others could have done but the daughters wished to do them themselves.

They were both employed, yet not a day in the

years Mrs. Casey was here, did they miss coming; and I, whose nearest relative was a thousand miles away, often wished for such devotion as Mrs. Casey's girls gave their mother.

HIS MASTER'S VOICE

The allotment of loving daughters is made by a Higher Providence. Every one can't have them but to have one friend, even though he be only a four-legged one, helps. In the public ward there lay a human derelict. He had no visitors, he had no money, but he did have a friend.

Day and night for eleven weeks a yellow creature, of the type commonly referred to as "pup," "ki-yoodle," or "cur," gave a marvelous exhibition of loyalty while pawing out a living from the garbage cans at the rear of the hospital where his owner was confined.

Pete—for that, I understand, was the dog's name—never left the sidewalk, from the day he arrived in the wake of the patrol wagon in which his friend was brought. Once he eluded the doorman, gained admittance to the hospital and found his way to a cot. There he heard "his master's voice." Whatever understanding they had between them seemed to satisfy Pete, for he went out and resumed his vigil at the door.

A DILEMMA

The sight of two fellow-patients, boys badly bunged-up, upon the hospital roof one day reminded me of the story told me by Will M. Cressy. It seems that at the Navy Hospital in Philadelphia a dance was in progress. At the side there were seated two World War veterans, one with both arms gone, the other with both legs missing. And of course each one thought he was worse off than the other.

"Look at you," said the boy without arms. "You can dress yourself, feed yourself, play games, do anything."

"Yes," replied the legless veteran. "But I can't get around. You can go where you please."

"Oh, I can, can I?" retorted the first lad. "But what the hell will I do when I get there?"

Courage is not just to bare one's bosom to the saber thrust,
Alone in daring.
Courage is to grieve, to have the hurt, and make the world believe
You are not caring.
Courage does not lie alone in dying for a cause. To die
Is only giving.
Courage is to feel the daily daggers of relentless steel,
And keep on living.

—ANONYMOUS.

Chapter X

FAST AND GROW FAT

DINING ROOM ATHLETICS

"Eat, drink and be merry," said the doctors, "for to-morrow you diet." Yet during my four years of dining from a tray and trying to keep the crumbs out of the sheets, it was seldom my doctors succeeded in putting and keeping me on an abbreviated menu at one and the same time. So when I mention diet, I speak in most part of the hospital meals served to all the normally-hungry patients.

In spite of the natural human tendency to refer to institutional feeding with anything from mild pity to stern censure, it must be admitted that even the most fastidious could not have found fault with either the quality or the quantity of the food at my hospital. It was not possible of course to obtain the things one might order at the Ritz or the Palais Royale but the finest chef in New York could not have prepared meals any more wholesome and nutritious. Some of the food, as for instance the ice-cream, was the most delicious I ever tasted anywhere.

But too much of what is good for one is apt to be enough and after many months of hospital fare I

began to find eating rather monotonous and unexciting and to long for something deadly and vitamineless, such as French pastry or a nice mess of hummingbird tongues. It was not the fault of the dietitian that sick people lacked the proper amount of iron, carbohydrates and such thingumabobs in their systems, but nevertheless I was firmly convinced that if I never saw another carrot nor another dish of spinach, it would be quite soon enough.

NOT FUNNY TO ME

At that I might have gotten along very nicely if my physicians had let just one week pass without giving me either asafœtida, nux vomica, calomel, salts, cascara, castor oil, strychnine, morphine, iron, digitalis, Bulgarian Bacilli, Milk of Magnesia or some other horrible-tasting medicine. And then, when the regimen was almost over, I found in a volume of Voltaire the quotation: "The art of medicine consists of amusing the patient while Nature cures the disease."

If I had known my doctors were giving me all that just to entertain me, I could have suggested that a window table at Ben Riley's Arrowhead Inn overlooking the Hudson would have been several times more amusing. One of Ben's famous crabmeat cocktails to start with, then a nice, thick planked steak rare-to-medium, a baked potato with



Tony Sarg

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Mr. Sarg had heard of all the kind, humane things that had been done for me. So just to show his fiendish individuality he sent me this picture of all the things to eat I had been dreaming of for years.

paprika, some corn on the cob, endive salad with Roquefort cheese dressing, some of those delicious little hot biscuits, a dish of strawberry ice cream and a good pal across the table would have been more my idea of entertainment than the passing show I had.

VITAMINELY VIRTUOUS

The writer of the advertisements for Child's was a source of endless fun for me. Of all his works here is the one I remember best:

"Thackeray said of the man who boasts that whatever he eats is the same to him, 'He brags about a personal defect—the wretch—and not about virtue.' Obviously then to enjoy only pure, wholesome, properly-cooked food is a gastronomic virtue."

Were that the only requisite for virtue, how easy it would be to be good! I wonder what Thackeray would say about a diet of parsnips, carrots, string beans, spinach and gluten bread with black coffee.

A USELESS INVENTION

Who was it invented spinach anyway? They tell us to "eat it—it will do you good," and they are right. Any one who accepts it in lieu of a regular meal is "done good." There was a time when I could gaze upon it without feeling a little

seasick, but now I feel like Pat Rooney, 3rd, the time he was visiting Irene Franklin. He was quite small but even then his taste was good.

"No, thanks," he said when pressed to eat his helping of spinach, "I don't like ferns, ma'am."

STRONG FOR ITS AGE

Speaking of eggs—no, not operations—not yeggs, either—before I went to the hospital for a rest, I had an idea that eggs were good for cooking. But I have seen a new light on the question and if all the hens in the world go dry from now on, I am not going to wear crêpe. I've had my share and even though Sister did try to disguise them by beating them and serving them as "fried foam," I was never fooled. I got so that I could tell how many eggs had been used in a cake, just by the look of the frosting.

The variety served me were almost invariably fresh and nice, but one day I drew a sample of the shell-fruit, which, could I have gotten close enough to it, I would have interviewed on the subject of how to attain such a ripe old age and still remain so strong. An inquiry brought the information that the egg was absolutely fresh (it was certainly blasé and sophisticated enough to be fresh) and, supposedly, had been laid the day before. I still main-

tain that if it had, it was the offspring of a chicken with a past.

It reminds me of the story told by one of my callers on Junie McCree, who was convalescing in a San Francisco hospital. He was given a tonic mixture of egg and port wine and the nurse, observing his doubtful sniff, inquired the trouble.

"This might be pretty good," remarked Junie, "if the egg were as new as the wine and the wine as old as the egg."

NEW GAME LAWS NEEDED

One day, in going through the paper, I came across the heading: "Duck Season Now Open." I sent the clipping downstairs to the diet kitchen and in a short time my tray came up, bearing a nice, large portion of deliciously-prepared beef-stew. It convinced me that my powers of suggestion were limited; but some day I hope to use whatever influence I can muster with the game warden and have him declare a year-round closed season on both the wild and the domesticated beef-stew.

Fish is another delicacy on which I am willing to have governmental protection placed. Of course one must admit that fish is all right in its place, its place having been indicated once in a headline in the *New York Morning Telegraph*. Said the paper:

"Fish Used in War on Yellow Fever." I knew all the time that it ought to be used as ammunition.

ALMOST FOODLESS MEALS

"Whom the gods would destroy, they first make fat." Lying motionless for three years, during which period wriggling the toes would have been considered violent exercise, one is naturally courting corpulence, especially if they are already aldermanically inclined. And, as I had always had a good appetite, I took on considerable weight.

So my doctors, just to show their mean dispositions, decided that I was to go on a strict diet. There was to be no sugar, no milk or butter or anything containing them, no bread but gluten, no pie, no cake, ice cream, candy, potatoes, bacon or anything else worth eating. Just sugarless black coffee or tea, vegetables and the rest of the "eat and grow thin" stuff. I found out there were a lot of things that contained starch besides collars and cuffs.

THE DONATION PARTY

No sooner had I started practicing girth-control (as Zoe Beckley called it) than my friends formed themselves into what is known in church circles as a donation party. Each one seemed bent upon tempting me from my resolve to obey the mandate

of my medical editor, who was trying to rewrite and reset my spinal column. By actual count, not one whit exaggerated, this is what was sent to me in the week following the announcement of my emaciated cuisine: A home-made strawberry pie which I traded off for a loaf of gluten bread, a brick of ice cream, strawberry and pineapple preserves, stewed beets, stewed rhubarb, home-made doughnuts and a box of shelled nuts. I don't believe there was a soul in the world that had the slightest respect for my waistline or cared a cent how fat I got.

In place of all these delicacies I ate so many green vegetables while the diet lasted that I felt like a greenhorn. One day, while my mind was dwelling on the real food I intended to surround some day, I almost ate the green check that had come in payment for my column. I've been wondering since how I would have felt after such an expensive meal.

Just about the time all this was occurring, I received from Miss Edythe Totten, president of the Drama Comedy Club, an invitation to speak at their banquet. I replied that if I ever got well enough to get to a banquet table again, I wasn't going to waste my time speaking.

ECONOMY PLUS

It is impossible, it seems, for human nature to conform to the blue-prints. A woman friend, know-

ing I loved hot apple pie, made one, and, fearing the subway rush, took a taxicab from uptown to the hospital, a distance of several miles. The fare must have amounted to two or three dollars, but she cheerfully paid it. Then she asked me to have the pie pan saved for her. The pan, of the ordinary tin variety, could have been duplicated anywhere for ten cents.

FLORIDA FARE

If exports of grapefruit and other native titbits from Florida have increased astonishingly during the past four years, the farmers of that state have me to thank. Every winter during my internment I have been the receiving station for so much fruit from my friends that if I had been an Italian I would have gone right out and started a fruit stand. It came in daily installments, like a newspaper serial, from Percy G. Williams, Sam H. Harris, Norma Talmadge, Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Heath, Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dane, M. B. Leavitt, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith. But I did something in return, which every winter vacationist appreciates. I wrote and told them all how much cold weather they were missing.

ME TOO!

Walter S. Butterfield, who has more theaters than a Quaker has oats, shipped me a box of assorted breakfast foods from Battle Creek, where they grow 'em. I had no idea cereals were so tasty until I noted the difference between the kind we get from the grocer and those that come direct and fresh from the packer. They might even have pleased Burgess Johnson, who declared in *Life* that if a shredded wheat biscuit reminded him of anything else on earth he would put that anything else out of his life forever.

CALORIES

Irving Southard, who replaced the late and much-beloved Billy Stuart as chief of the consolation bureau of the National Vaudeville Artists' Club, has neglected his education in so far as the meaning of "diet" is concerned. One week he arrived with a box of candy made by Mrs. Southard. When I explained that I was not permitted to indulge in sweets, he waved my scruples out of existence with a single, lordly gesture.

"Nonsense," he told me, "that's good, pure, home-made candy and there isn't anything in it that will hurt you. It's just maple-sugar, butter and good, rich cream."

THE ELUSIVE GLUTEN

Not the least difficult part of my dieting was the search for unadulterated gluten bread. I found that there were as many kinds as there are clues to a murder mystery. The grocers who sell it all insist that it is the real thing, but it usually isn't. Talk about elusiveness! The little pea in the circus-lot shell game never had anything on the genuine, all-wool and a yard wide, gluten bread.

FOUR THOUSAND LONELY MEALS

In the midst of all this feasting and fasting, I became exceedingly tired of eating alone. During the dry-dock period I ate over four thousand meals by myself, most of them being fed to me while I was lying in bed, and I came to believe that crackers and milk with a friend was far more satisfying than the finest meal in the world alone. Sometimes I prevailed upon the nurse to share part of my meal, especially if it was a delectable dish sent by some kind-hearted friend and without which the sameness of the hospital food would have been unbearable.

Even so there were times when I couldn't get any one to sympathize with me and one occasion was the visit of J. Edmund Davis. I was unable to sit up and the nurse was feeding me. The day was

gray and rainy and the sight of the glass feeding tube depressed me. I said, in my most self-pitying voice: "Oh, I'm so tired of drinking through a tube."

"You're lucky," replied Mr. Davis, "that you don't have to ride in one."

While on the subject of eating in bed, I wonder what Marc Connelly and George S. Kaufman ever did about their promised invention making it possible to eat toast in bed without getting the crumbs down one's neck. To say nothing of their scheme to keep grapefruit juice in its place.

NO FURTHER RECONSTRUCTION

Could I have gotten all reduced and sylphlike, I might have listened to my friends, who wanted me to have my face lifted; for that was the one operation they hadn't tried on me. It is usually preceded by a strenuous diet and, as long as I was dieting anyway, they thought I ought to get some good out of it. It was a bit fascinating, I will admit, to wonder how I would look with only one chin again. They also wanted me to have my hair "boobed."

But after thinking it over from a good many angles, I decided not to negotiate for any further reconstruction work, because if I became too youthful it would have been just my luck to get infantile paralysis.

COMPANY AT DINNER

Irvin S. Cobb will never know how many meals I had on him or rather off of him. Anyhow most of my meals during the latter period of my illness were served on the table, whose glass top covered a picture of Mr. Cobb. He had sent it to me one Christmas and it exactly fitted under the glass top of the table. I had the photographs of two fine dogs placed at his feet and one of a pretty girl at his right. And if that isn't playing the rôle of an appreciative and kind-hearted friend, will some one please advise?

WANTED TO EXCHANGE: A ton of prunes, little used, for a mess of steamed clams. Or what have you?

Chapter XI

ENJOYING POOR HEALTH

A POPULAR PAUPER

This has always impressed me as a marvelous age, but it is hard to realize that one person could have so much of the world brought to her as have I in the last four years. Looking back over it, I seem to have been the recipient of everything except a steam yacht and a Rolls Royce. From fruits and flowers to plays and pictures, I have had a specimen of nearly every product of human ingenuity. And whether it was the bunch of sweet peas that came from Mrs. Kitty Walters, wardrobe woman of a show I once exploited, or the magnificent box of fruit from some magnate, or an all-star vaudeville show put on for myself and my fellow-patients by the artists who were my friends, I knew the same thought was behind them all.

In my time I may have obtained a few pages of publicity for some deserving actor, provoked a few laughs, made a few people happy or done a little good, but neither I nor any other mortal could have earned or deserved all the kindly things that were done for me. From time to time I may have strewn

a few crusts upon the waters but what I got in return was angel-cake.

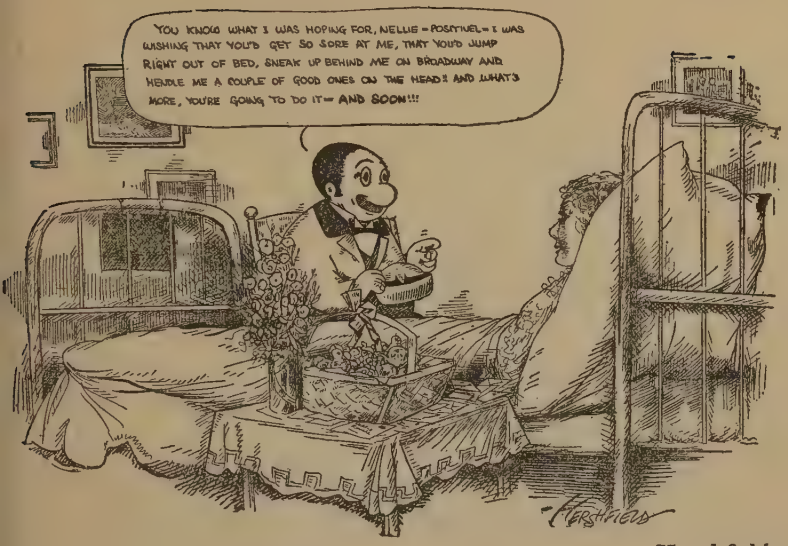
PORTABLE CONCERTS

Since I was unable to go to concerts my friends brought concerts to me. And this form of gift afforded me a unique satisfaction in enabling me to share my good fortune with so many of those around me.

Nora Bayes was one who came down to sing for me and on the occasion of her visit, I suggested to the hospital authorities that they invite as many convalescent patients as could be taken to the parlors. Nurses, nuns and doctors formed the background for the bandaged, becrutched and crippled audience that assembled. I managed to hear five or six songs, sung as only Nora can sing them, before my back rebelled and I was remanded to bed. For three unhappy days I paid for my rashness. But it was well worth it!

A MORNING MUSICALE

One Saturday I became recklessly fashionable. I had one of those eleven A.M. morning musicales, à la Biltmore. Adele Rowland and Louise Dresser were my artists. Miss Rowland sang her entire repertoire, including the same act she was using at



Hershfield

It was only my back that was short-circuited, not my perspicacity. You will notice I put my basket of fruit well out of Abie the Agent's reach.

the Winter Garden, while Louise treated me, among other things, to a lullaby of her own composition. Then at my special request, she sang "My Pal Sal," always one of my favorites, but before she could finish we were both crying, happily this time. The song had brought back memories of the night three years before when the doctors had given up hope for me and when, obedient to my wish, Louise had come to my home to sing that song for me. I was not well even then, but in the wisdom of Providence, I had at least been spared to hear that song once again.

Soon after their visit came others by Blanche Ring, Beatrice Herford, Betty Washington, Tavie Belge, and Al Jolson.

William Cripps brought down the whole *Shuffle Along* company and they put on their show for me in the yard. Even the composers, Noble Sissle and Eubie Blake, played a number of their hits for me on the portable organ that Mr. Cripps had thought to bring along.

MY ERROR

Will Rogers paid me a number of calls, but the most memorable occurred the day after I had sent him away from the hospital on the ground that "he might upset me." The incident happened one afternoon when I had been bothered by several strangers

asking impossible things, and when the nurse announced "Mr. Um Blaa," I failed to catch the name. Fearing it was some one else trying to sell me oil stock I sent down word that I couldn't be seen.

A few minutes later I learned from an incoming friend that I had sent Will Rogers away. I wired him my apologies at once, saying that the "Mister" had fooled me, for I had never heard him called that before. He returned the next day, led in by a mail carrier and with a special delivery stamp pinned to his lapel. I had a rope and some chewing gum on the table. He spied them and started his act at once, leading off with the remark that he wouldn't have been turned out if his press agent had been advertising him below Forty-second Street.

MUSIC IN PACKAGES

The after-effects of my afternoon with Nora Bayes cost me another concert, for when Eddie Cantor and Nan Halperin read of the painful days that followed they abandoned their plan for a joint appearance, and conceived a scheme whereby I could hear them without having to be wheeled to the parlor. Their desire to amuse me was expressed by means of a phonograph and twenty records, among them many by Eddie.

My musical fare was not limited to solos and soloists. On several occasions Greenwich Village must

have wondered whose birthday or wedding anniversary was being observed, what with the Keith Boys' Band serenading me as their adopted mother just outside my window. At another time a seven-piece string orchestra sent down by Edythe Totten of the Drama Comedy Club helped make a birthday of mine a gala event.

THE MEDICINAL CAP

Van and Schenck gave me a real reason to be thankful one Thanksgiving day by making me a surprise visit to sing their latest songs. I got up in their honor and while the attendants were endeavoring to get me into a wheel chair, I sat down almost entirely without help. After the concert was over and the boys were preparing to go, Joe Schenck was unable to find his cap. A thorough search of the room failed to reveal it but Joe had a suspicion of its whereabouts that he was reluctant to put into words. Meanwhile I was enthusiastically telling them how wonderful it was to be able to sit down alone—the first time in three years. That gave Joe his cue.

"It's probably because you didn't have my golf cap to sit on before," he informed me and then we learned for the first time just who was hiding the cap.

MY ROOMMATE

Buddie was his name and a buddie he was. He was only a tiny, yellow canary with a little brown spot on his head, who was brought into my life by Ada Mae Weeks. At first he was a complete disappointment. He seemed willing to do nothing but eat, sleep, sulk and fly around the room. He behaved more like a husband than a buddy. There didn't seem a single song in his entire system. He reminded me of some singers I know, who can excel themselves when they are surrounded by a first-rate chorus, while on the stage all alone every sound seems frightened out of them. Perhaps, I reasoned, being in a hospital depressed him, just as it does all of us at first.

But once Buddie began to sing, there was no stopping him. He had never heard of a musicians' union and no matter at what hour of the night, if he felt moved to sing, he sang. At eleven o'clock one night he started something that sounded like "Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean" and at three o'clock the next morning he gave a spirited imitation of Caruso in one of his famous rôles. I had visions of myself being ejected and finding myself on the curbstone just outside the hospital door with my bird cage under one arm and my plaster-of-Paris cast under the other.

Though he refused to sing on a time-clock arrange-

ment, I know of nothing that forestalled the "hospital blues" more readily than Buddie and his lyrics. No matter how dark and rainy the day, he always had an original composition for me. He seemed to know just when his talents were needed to turn the clouds from blue to silver. And when he was in his best form his songs would flow out along the corridor and frequently the other patients along the hall told the nurses how much his warbling had cheered them.

"MOTHER MACHREE"

To one who has been raised within sound of a band or an orchestra, the usual absence of music in a hospital is a hardship—which is why I remember so vividly among my other musical oases in a desert of illness, the afternoon that Ernest Ball, George McFarlane, Ed Gallagher and Al Shean came down to help keep me in good humor. Those artists have played to larger audiences than they did on that occasion, but no more grateful or appreciative one, as *Mother Machree* and other songs delighted myself and a large gathering of convalescents.

My musical education was enlarged that day by the discovery that Ernest Ball, whose songs are all but national anthems in Erin, has never been in Ireland. *Mother Machree*, Mr. Ball told me was written in a New York lodging house just off Broad-

way, being composed for Chauncey Olcott to sing in *Barry of Ballymore*. And the nearest Mr. Ball has gotten to Ireland since has been to skirt its shores in a transatlantic steamer.

Whenever I hear such songs, the ones I used to love and still do, it is hard to control the emotions aroused by fond recollections. After all, "memory is the only paradise from which we cannot be driven," just as it is the only hell from which there is no escape.

A SURPRISE PARTY

Ralph Belmont called up one day to find out if I would be in that afternoon. I sent back word that unless something unexpected happened, I would be. Later he came and began moving chairs and tables around in my room. I thought he was merely going to rehearse something but suddenly he began his scene in Thomas Wise's sketch, "Memories." The first glimpses I had of Mr. Wise, Nila Mac and Thomas Pickering, the other members of the company, was when they responded to their cues in the play.

It was the first play I had seen in three years and it came so suddenly and so delightfully that I was overwhelmed and burst into tears, partly from nerves, partly from joy, and a great deal because of—memories.

THE RIVAL ACTS

There was another show I almost saw. William Collier and R. H. Burnside had promised to bring down their act, "Nothing But Cuts," to see how it compared with mine of the same name. But they failed to deliver. Of course I didn't want my contribution to their fame to be in the nature of a breach-of-promise case, but they ought to be more careful what promises they make to the weaker sex. For in case of trial the sympathy of the jury is always with the girl.

Another infringement I almost decided to prosecute occurred when John Keetz inaugurated a column, or fraction thereof, in the *New York World* and called it "Aches and Pains." I was on the point of calling him off until I realized that it couldn't have been a spinal column or it would have been full of aches and pains.

EDIBLES I HAVE MET

My friends did not slight the "inner man" and if there was anything from soup to nuts they did not procure for me I have forgotten what it was. In fact if Herbert Hoover had had the same difficulty in rationing America that doctors had in keeping me on a diet there wouldn't have been much food to send the starving Belgians.

Emma Carus was the first to bring me a meal at the beginning of my illness. Mrs. Bird Farber and her two daughters, Mrs. Ernest Boschen and Mrs. Herbert de Bower, never failed to bring me my holiday meals, while every once in a while Mr. Boschen sent around a large consignment of broiled lobster. There was Dr. Sam Gilmore's weekly box of fried chicken, frog legs from Ben Riley, Edgar Allan Woolf, Mrs. Gus Edwards and Dorothy Ziegler, strawberry shortcake and whole meals from Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gorman, Mrs. Rex Beach, Mrs. Sime Silverman, Mrs. Jennie Bernstein, Mrs. George McElroy, and Nellie Sterling; cocoanut cake from Mrs. Dwight Beebe and John C. Flinn, who remembered that in our Chicago reportorial days that delicacy was a favorite of mine, ice cream from Laura Bennett, Jenie Jacobs and Carl Bernstein, homemade candy from the Beaumont sisters and Trixie Friganza, preserves and pickles from Ina Claire's mother, grapefruit and eggs from Zelda Sears, eggs from Frank Evan's own poultry yard, and delectable meals sent by the National Vaudeville Artists' Club and from the Pennsylvania Hotel by Georgia Goodwin.

Bob Russell once brought in person the largest pumpkin pie I have ever seen in captivity. He assured me he had had it made to order after hunting two days for a pan large enough.

A BIRTHDAY B.O.M.

Even editors have time for birthdays once a year, and B. O. McAnney, city editor of the *New York Tribune*, divided one of his birthday cakes with me. His mother, who brought it, said: "Bo wanted you to have the strip directly across the middle because it had his initials on it."

Now as every one in the newspaper world knows, B.O.M. means "Business Office Must" and is an order from the advertising department that the editor must use that copy. The sight of those letters is to editors what red rags are to bulls. While I have had occasions to take a few "B.O.M.'s" to editors, Mr. McAnney was the first editor who ever sent me one. But he didn't have to mark it "B.O.M." to make me use it.

AMONG THOSE PRESENTS

From time to time there came to me offers of employment as soon as I was able to get out of the hospital and while I appreciated them, I felt there was something else I was going to do. That was to start the department store which my friends had been stocking for me for four years. Of course I might have to buy a few things like garden tools and men's shoes, but everything else I already had with the exception of Gimbel's building.

Irene Franklin brought me a bathrobe—and I hadn't been in a bathtub for four years. I didn't know whether it was intended as sarcasm or sanitation. Then I discovered it was about four sizes too small for me and thanked her for the compliment. Mrs. Louis Mann (Clara Lipman) bestowed a wishing ring upon me and when I found that also too small, told me to wish it was larger.

Jet Hahlo's thoughts were expressed in the form of a dainty perfume, while Agatha de Bussey, Abel Green, Walter Kingsley, Molly Fuller and Eddie Cantor kept me supplied with canned music. Jack Lait wanted to furnish me a noiseless typewriter until Roy Moulton informed him he had one and that it made more noise than one of Edward Dunn's vests. He declared it rattled when he was nowhere near it. Rex Beach suggested a dictaphone, but I demurred at that. I was afraid I'd forget to shut it off some time and what I said might be used against me.

Ethel Levey almost missed her train to Cleveland one Christmas Eve in her anxiety to deliver the messages and packages our mutual friends in London had asked her to convey to me. Among the parcels was a shawl of brilliant orange hue, the gift of Clifton Webb. I love Clifton's sense of humor, for an orange shawl in a Knights of Columbus hospital is certainly proof that the world is getting broader.

Roy Moulton said it with ink, concealed in foun-

tain pens. During the holidays I had occasion to write to Mr. Moulton, thanking him for some kindness, and as is my custom since I started writing on my chest, I used pencil. Zelda Sears dropped in while I was writing and joked me about using a lead pencil. "All right, then," I said, "lend me your fountain pen." She came back with, "Oh, shush, tell him I ain't got no fountain pen." I did. And the next day a beautiful old rose and gold fountain pen arrived. When I got up, I decided, I was going to drive up in front of Mr. Moulton's house in a Ford and tell him "I ain't got no Rolls Royce."

A PRICELESS BEQUEST

Candy manufacturers have sent their products by the bushel, florists their wares by the uncounted dozens, amusement purveyors theirs by the reel and record and in person. Yet none of them have meant any more to me than the services of William Grossman, who has been my attorney for years and my close friend for many more. The reason is that whenever I was forced to call upon Mr. Grossman for aid, he always left me feeling as benevolent toward the human race as though I were Rockefeller and had just endowed six hospitals and half-a-dozen universities.

In other words, whenever I felt in the mood to make a will, I enlisted his assistance. It never made

a bit of difference to either of us that I didn't have a thing in the world to will any one and it always made me happy to think that as far as my intentions went I was distributing the wealth that I would like to have in the very best and safest way. And Mr. Grossman on his side always paid as much, if not more, attention to arranging for my bequests as he might have for the most bloated bondholder among his clients.

But one of the most valuable things I have, has never been mentioned in any of my wills. It is the friendship of Mr. Grossman. That has come as a gift, which I hope to enjoy all my life and then bequeath to posterity.

A GIFT FOR GIVING

Joseph Moran, who builds ships for a living and theaters for a pastime, exercises the greatest ingenuity in selecting gifts and inventing occasions for presenting them. If there is no holiday or birthday handy, he consults the calendar or the encyclopedia and learns it is the anniversary of the discovery of corned beef and cabbage or derby hats or something. Shortly afterward, an orderly wobbles into one's room, carrying a box the size of a couple of piano packing-cases.

The contents are always a surprise. On one of my birthdays there came a blue silk quilt and pillow,

with the inscription: "If you must be under cover, let it be a nice cover." On another occasion Mr. Moran dispatched a box of apples to me with the reminder that an apple a day kept the doctor away. But who wanted to keep my doctor away? Certainly I didn't.

R-R-REVENGE WAS MINE

Frank Van Hoven was one of the friends who never failed to visit me whenever he was within reach of the hospital. Incidentally he became quite popular with the nurses by extending them invitations to whatever theater he happened to be playing in that week. During one of our conversations I gave him a new wheeze which he insisted just fitted his act. He wanted to know what he could do in return and I requested a tooth-brush and some tooth-paste. He forgot them but he didn't forget the theater tickets for my nurse.

I got my revenge. Jack Wilson came in a few days later and I traded Frank's gag to him for a tube of tooth-paste. Then the paste and brush arrived from Frank and I suffered remorse until I remembered Frank was leaving shortly for London and I hit upon the plan of presenting him with the English rights. I had not heard the last of the tooth-paste incident, for Tom Moore, Sylvia Hahlo, Fay King and Mrs. James Madison, reading of

my disappointment, rushed a large supply to me. After that, my only worry was whether my teeth would last as long as my stock of dentrifrice.

MY MOVIE PALACE

Motion pictures and the people of the motion picture world, no less than those of the "speakies," played an important part in keeping me cheered up. Thanks to their generosity and thoughtfulness, my room was a first-run theater as often as my eyes would permit. I had my own projection machine, presented by J. P. Muller and his staff, D. W. Griffith, Charles Gray, Theodore Mitchell, Howard Herrick, Walter Moore and several others. It was about the size of a suitcase and would run any picture; and Mike Campbell, chief operator of the Loew Theater staff, made a projection table that could be adjusted to any height.

Nicholas Schenck detailed Nat Strauss and Tom Burnham of the Loew Theater staff to come down and operate the machine and Mr. Mitchell was tireless in his efforts to see that I had the pick of the latest and best releases. I had only to ask for a particular picture and it came down to me. In fact the film exchanges used to say that Nat Cohen, Mr. Mitchell's representative, was harder to please about the condition of the films for the "Revell Theater" than the most fastidious exhibitor in the territory.

Never will I be able to repay Tom Burnham's many kindnesses or discharge my debt to Nicholas Schenck for his innumerable generosities. Nor can I ever forget Winnie Sheehan's courtesy in sending down to me various Fox productions, the presentation of which Will Page always directed in person, despite the fact that he was usually engaged in some big exploitation campaign.

A MOB SCENE

Never have I imagined that I was a prima donna; I am fairly certain that I could not qualify for the Follies, and my neck is too short to wear the floppy hats demanded of an ingénue. But after being featured in a cast (even though only a plaster-of-Paris one) for three years, it was somewhat of a shock to receive from Thomas J. Ryan an electric heating blanket, labeled "Super-Warming Pad." After thinking I was a whole production, I was somewhat chagrined to learn I was only a "Super." It made a mob scene out of me! My only consolation was that mob scenes have done more to immortalize Shakespeare—with the assistance of the press agents—than the plots have.

SINGING FOR MY SUPPER

Deliciously prepared squab, nice fresh strawberries sent by a friend and a Congressman tucking the

napkin under one's chin and doing the carving and serving doesn't sound much like a hospital story, but it happened right in my room one Sunday evening. It was after election day, too, so I knew the august legislator was not after my vote. The head waiter at this gastronomic function was Congressman Sol Bloom, and he was assisted in his duties by Mrs. Bloom and their daughter, Vera.

After the repast Sol and I burst into song, more low than sweet, and whatever the neighbors may have thought our enjoyment was complete. Our repertoire consisted entirely of songs of long ago—twenty-five years ago to be exact—when Mr. Bloom was my employer and my first publisher. Mrs. Bloom advised us, when the performance was over, that our voices might be a trifle rusty but that there was no dust on our memories.

THE BRIDE'S BOUQUET

Following a wedding supper one night at the Stage Door Inn, a beautiful bouquet of flowers was delivered to me, accompanied by this note:

"To-day the oldest daughter of J. Cheever Goodwin was married. We are having a small supper party at the Stage Door Inn, but in the midst of our happiness we cannot forget you, dear, so to you I offer my bouquet and my blessings."

The note was signed by Eileen Goodwin Braisted,

and appended to it was a postscript, saying it was the first message signed with her new name.

THE MYSTERIOUS CAMEL

There is one mystery I have yet to solve. It is the hidden meaning of the toy camel presented to me by some friend who evidently believed in symbolism. To this day I have no idea what the significance was meant to be. Goodness knows, I have nothing to do with prohibition. That's something that went into effect after I went on my furlough. All I know about a camel is that once one went eight days without a drink and they named a soup, a cigarette, an undertaker and two-thirds of all Scotchmen after him.

OWED TO MY FRIENDS

You've said it with music, you've said it with flowers;
You've said it in person with calls at all hours;
You've said it with fruits, nuts, candy and pie,
Jellies, jams, pickles and cakes to the sky.
You've said it with perfumes of odors so rare;
Said it with soap and oils for my hair.
You've said it with stamps, pencil, paper and pad,
Writing portfolios, the best to be had.
You've said it with postals, and magazines, too,
Smelling salts, watches and clocks not a few.
You've said it with wine of vintages old,
You've said it with silver, with banknotes and gold.

You've said it with bottles containing real gin;
You've said it with smokes and matches thrown in.
You've said it with bathrobes, nighties and hose—
Where you got them to fit me, the Lord only knows.

You've said it with records of old and new tunes;
Said it with eggplants, melons and prunes.
You've said it with mirrors, hairbrush and combs;
Said it with invites to stay in your homes.
You've said it with quilts, pillows and slips;
Said it with offers of long ocean trips.
You've said it with china, silver and glasses,
Life memberships and theater passes.
You've said it with custards of delicious taste,
With ice cream and catsup, toothbrush and paste.
You've said it with letters, a carload or two,
Said it with scissors and library glue.
You've said it with Scotch, you've said it with rye;
You've said it with things that made me both laugh and cry.
You've said it with talcum and comfy night shirts,
???‡‡‡—†††¶¶¶§§§!!! (Censored) but still my back hurts.

You've said it with priests, prayers and preachers,
Bibles and prayer books, healers and teachers.
You've treated my mental and financial ills,
Your love has done more than all of their pills.
You've said it with doctors, more than I could use,
With dressing gowns, jackets and pretty bed shoes,
Hankies and scarfs, pictures and dolls,
Ribbons and toys and pink folderols.
Said it with words, songs and with looks,
Playing cards, lamps and all the new books.

You've said it with jobs, more than I could fill;
Said it with what pays my doctor's bill.
You've said it in prose, in rhyme and in print;
You've cheered and encouraged me without stint.
Said it with eggs, said it with tea,
Said it with meals which you stopped to feed me;
Said it with towels and fancy wash rags,
Rubber air cushions and hot water bags.
Said it with films and a movie machine,
Victrola and bird, sash curtains and screen.
You've said it with all kinds of fowl, fish and cheese,
Orchestras, bands and three Christmas trees.
You've said it with tears and said it with smiles,
With wires and cables that spanned many miles.
Stoves when I was cold, fans when I was hot,
You've given me everything that I have got.
You've said it with everything under the sun;
If I don't get well—the Lord's will be done.

Chapter XII

HOLIDAYS

HOLIDAY SPIRIT

Holidays in a hospital—the very idea must seem incongruous to the layman, if, indeed, it does not make him shudder. The two words sound as though they ought to be divorced on the ground of incompatibility. Nor would I pretend that hospital holidays are to be classed as orgies of joy with a Mardi Gras Festival or a Venetian Carnival.

But the holidays I have spent in a sick-room have sparkled with every glowing illustration of love and kindness that friendship could invent. Those days brought me the proofs of more beautiful friendships than I ever dreamed could be. Four years of watching the world go by me as I lay in bed taught me many things about it that I should never have believed before. No longer able to put things over, I was constrained to think them over and, as thinking was about the only thing the doctors hadn't forbidden, I did a lot of it. Especially on holidays.

A MASTER'S DEGREE

The result of these "thinking tours" was the knowledge that I was much better off, far happier

than I had been before I was forcibly enrolled for membership in this university of hard knocks, where I was taking a post-graduate course. In it I learned many lessons I could never have grasped during health and prosperity.

I learned that friendship is like the show business, where one genuine success more than makes up for half a dozen failures. I learned that the natural tendency of human nature is toward kindness and helpfulness. I learned that the world is not half as selfish as the cynics would have us believe. I learned that the world's greatest gift is love, and that love is only the poet's word for friendship.

My tuition in this school was paid in blood, tears and scars. The courses were long, tedious and painful. But the results were soul-satisfying for I made every grade, learned my lessons well, did not flunk a single examination and would not exchange my degree for one from any other college on earth.

If this physical, mental and financial suffering was the price I had to pay for the restoration of my confidence in humanity and my freshened attitude toward life, then I am not only ahead of the game, but I have been guilty of profiteering.

More than once I have concluded a holiday that has been perfumed and strewn with every possible token of genuine friendship, in a perfect "'joy jag," drunk with happiness. The doctors call it hysteria. Mine was just acute ecstasy, but the physical pain

was as intense as though it had been grief. I have sometimes thought that Volstead ought to include that form of intoxication in his list of "thou-shalt-nots." But it is for such reasons that I can say with the utmost sincerity that my holidays in the hospital were the happiest holidays of my life.

MINE OWN

My Yuletides shine out in my memory like so many gaily-illuminated Christmas trees—each light the loving remembrance of a friend. And to the joy of it all was added the extra thrill of the knowledge that I was an example, before the world, of how the newspaper and theatrical professions take care of their own.

Priests, nuns, professors, jurists and physicians have revised their opinions of our people since I have been in storage. The evidence was too overwhelming not to compel a re-opening of the case. In these holiday demonstrations of the spirit that predominates in the theater and the Fourth Estate, nothing was overlooked, nothing left undone. From the cup of sweet butter brought by the girl reporter out of the basket her mother had sent her, to the Christmas Eve dinner brought by Mrs. Bird Farber; from the greetings of the composing room to the eloquent check, bearing the signature of a certain newspaper publisher; from the wardrobe women and stage-

hands to the biggest producers on Broadway, everything and every one worked together to a single end —that my holidays should be as merry as any, anywhere around the globe. And only I know how completely, how splendidly they succeeded.

One other thing made Christmas in a hospital a popular holiday with me. During that season the doctors usually agreed to a truce and, while the armistice was never officially signed, hostilities were suspended until after the festivities. I suppose that, like the English, they didn't care to involve themselves too deeply with Turkey.

Or perhaps they took to heart the broad hint I gave them one year, when a package arrived with the written injunction: "Don't open until Christmas." I removed the tag and pinned it to the corner of my bed. A word to the wise sometimes works wonders.

OPENING NIGHT

Santa Claus always hovered about for a week or so before The Day, but I managed to resist the temptation that no one ever wholly outgrows, and not a single package was disturbed until Christmas Eve. That was "the opening night." With the assistance of nurses and friends, the gray room was transformed, little by little, into a glittering bower, as one gift after another emerged from its wrappings.

There was laughter for all in many of the parcels, tears in not a few of them for me, and love overflowing from every one. If every opening on Broadway were as successful as those of mine, Cain's storehouse would be the only failure the theatrical world would ever know.

A TREE OR TWO

Yes, I always had a tree. One year I was the proud possessor of two. The Professional Women's League was represented by one in full holiday attire. The other was personally conducted by the Keith Boys' Band. Behind the leaders carrying their gay burden, the youngsters thronged into the room, until I thought I should have to put out the S. R. O. sign. While some of them set the tree in place, others hung before me a huge stocking, too large even for me, bursting with mysterious "goodies." They had come with full uniform and equipment and, as a finale, they played a salute with muted horns, wished me all the joy of the season and marched away.

ALL BUT ONE

"Everything for Milady's dressing table" was the ruling fashion. No toilet accessory known to modern civilization, I think, was missing from my in-

ventory of gifts, with one exception. When Zoe Beckley of the *Evening Mail* came in to "review" my trees, I had to ask her to run down to the drug store and get me a tube of tooth-paste.

Several of my friends had minds that ran in the same channel, I discovered, when a watch and three boudoir clocks arrived within a few hours of one another. The donors must have decided that the time would pass more quickly if I had a bevy of timepieces ticking it away.

CROWDED OUT

There was one Christmas Day when I didn't sit up. Physical disability may have had something to do with it, but another reason was the number of poinsettias, heathers, orange trees, rosebushes and orchids that filled every inch of space. And while I was constantly improving I had not yet reached the stage of agility where I could flit lightly from plant to plant.

On the two preceding days before the floral pressure became too great I did assume a vertical attitude for a while and on Christmas Eve I performed the spectacular feat of eating dinner with my feet under a table. After eating with one's plate on one's chest for three years, it requires considerable adroitness to eat at a table and put your feet under it instead of on top.

HUMOR AND PATHOS

The old song, "Just a little rain in the sunshine makes the flowers grow" was forcibly brought to my mind by a dramatic incident that occurred that holiday season. While my long internment was a deep tragedy to me, I was not blind to the humor and pathos incidental to it. I was reading a Christmas letter from my old city editor, now in Sing Sing, and while trying to swallow the lump in my throat at seeing the convict's number under a signature that so recently had represented prestige and authority, a visitor was announced. It was the Supreme Court Judge who had sentenced him, come to wish me Merry Christmas.

BACK STAGE GREETINGS

Tears do not become me, but there are times when they will not behave. One such occasion was the appearance of a huge basket, the Christmas gift of the stage-hands of Keith's Alhambra Theatre, New York. Within was this letter:

"Just a token of our regard for you. Get Prof. Einstein to figure out by what you will have to multiply each article in this basket to arrive at a result which will express how much we hope for your early recovery. It may not be exactly according to Hoyle, but you will have to come up here to get your Christmas present next year."

Evan Thomas and "Red," the stage carpenter and "props" of the theater, who had undertaken the mission of delivering the basket, were standing at my bedside. Regardless of audience, I burst into tears of happiness. I was relieved a moment later to find that their eyes, too, were misty.

GREEK MEETS GREEK

In the course of a Christmas visit that Sam H. Harris and Irving Berlin paid me, they fell to arguing about which of the presents they would take. Irving decided the wrist-watch would be a good understudy to a depleted bankroll. Mr. Harris said he wanted nothing but the coat-checking privilege. That was agreed upon and he left me in charge of it.

By Easter I hadn't collected a cent. He threatened to put a Greek on the job. I nominated Nellie Nichols, she being a good Greek. His reply was that if he'd made nothing with one Nellie in charge, he would be lucky to get half of that with two of them at work.

CANNED SENTIMENTS

Hand-me-down greetings in the form of our modern machine-made Christmas cards sometimes play strange tricks on careless "greeters." Once I asked a friend to buy some cards for me to send out. I

never use the "dictated but not read" formula, so I perused them before addressing them. Some of the messages my friends might have received were: "Wish you were here"; "Come in and dine with us"; "Sorry you can't be one of us at this joyful season"!

TOLD IN THE CARDS

It is not my intention to indict ready-made cards any more than I would file a complaint against ready-made clothing or canned vegetables. It all depends upon the kind and quality and I have received many cards that were models of wit and originality.

One I remember in particular, because it came from one of the most dignified and devout women I have ever known. The lines were:

> Who writes the damthings anyway,
> The Christmas cards they sell?
> They are so full of sentiment
> I wonder whythehel
> They can't fix up some decent one—
> That let's a fellow say
> How much he hopes a friend like you
> Will have a happy day.

Here is another that sounds like sheer mirthful inspiration:

> Eve had no Christmas,
> Neither did Adam.

Didn't have socks,
Nobody had 'em.
Never got cards,
Nobody did.
Take this and have it
On Adam, old kid!

"THE BUNCH"

Two huge cards, the largest I have ever received, were the greetings of two New York newspapers. One from the *New York Evening Mail* was signed by the entire organization. On the other card were the names of the editorial staff of the *New York Evening World*.

TO BE TREASURED

Of all the words of tongue or pen that have been uttered about me, none will ever displace "My Christmas Invitation" from the special niche it occupies in my heart, and each Christmas I shall get it out and read:

DEAR NELLIE:

We are writing this because we want to see
If you will be our Christmas guest. What will your answer be?
On second thought we shall not wait for you to make it known.
We're bound that on this Christmas day you'll mingle with your own.

And some of us will dine in town, eleven stories high;
And some in country where the folks don't live so near the sky.
And some will have their dinners in the middle of the day,
And others in the evening, because it recherché!

The tables will abound in—well, about the usual things;
You know, the turkey crisp and brown and all that Christmas brings—
The turnips, mashed potatoes and a-standing snugly by,
The thing Lucullus never ate—the Yankee's loved mince pie.

Above the table streaming down from chandelier o'erhead,
Will hang festoons of holly, with their berries cherry red.
And the music of the kiddies' voices, too, we mustn't miss,
For, of course, there must be children at such a time as this.

So, Nellie, dear, you see you really can't refuse to come.
We won't accept a "no" from you, although we might from some.
Your place is set, you'll find yourself with old friends not a few.
So early wake on Christmas morn, for we're expecting you.

What's that you whisper—you can't come—the doctors say you nay?
St. Vincent's holds your body while your soul would fly away?
And are those tears, O Nellie brave, that down your cheeks now creep?
Your eyes are wet, dear bonnie Nell—those eyes that rarely weep.

But let them be just drops of joy and, Nellie, weep no more,
For you're to be our guest that day, as in those days of yore.
Your place will be in every heart; your chair our tend'rest thought;
Your gift our long-enduring love, just as the Christ Child taught.

So, Nellie, know on Christmas Day, no matter what we do,
We'll really be together, dear. We feel like that. Don't you?

—The Entire Newspaper and
Theatrical Professions.
Per Roland Burke Hennessey.

A RELAYED CELEBRATION

I've known more dismal days outside a hospital than my New Year's days within were. And if I couldn't be where the crowd and the confetti were thickest, as in years past, I had my share of New Year's Eve excitement relayed to me, as I lay watching the lights of the Metropolitan Tower flash out the old and flash in the new, hours after the last visitor had departed. The whistles and the street pandemonium were rather more alluring than usual, mellowed as they were by distance. The merrymaking on Times Square I could visualize as on a curtain of darkness and it had a new fascination, seen through the mind's eye.

I was happy because I knew every one else was; happy that another lap of the long journey back to

Wellville was finished; happy that I was that much nearer a return to the world where my friends were waiting.

RESOLVED

If I were ever elected President of the United States I couldn't be half as excited as I was the first New Year's Day that I was able to enjoy the luxury of a chair. I sat up five hours straight, as I told a friend the next day. Whereupon he wanted to know whether I meant that I had been sitting up five straight hours or straight five hours. We finally decided that I had been sitting up straight five straight hours. Whatever the phrase should have been, I called it starting the New Year right.

It was much more sensible than "swearing off"—my doctor had left me nothing to swear off, anyway—but I did make a private resolution that I wouldn't miss a single opportunity to sit up during the year. And I didn't.

BOARDWALK PREFERRED

Easter in a hospital is hardly as gay or as colorful as Easter in Atlantic City, but I'm quite sure that I saw just as many of my friends every year at that time as though I had been promenading along the Boardwalk.

Besides which, Easter fashions did not worry me, hotel and Pullman reservations gave me no concern and I had all the pleasures of the day without any of its annoyances. I doubt whether any of the strollers along that famous thoroughfare by the sea encountered more friends, saw more flowers, enjoyed heartier laughs or relished a good meal more keenly than I. Nor was the slumber of any of my healthier contemporaries blessed with a more joyful realization of God's goodness as it is manifested in human kindness.

One Easter Sunday in particular was made bright by a floral visit from Percy Edward Howard, then president of the New York Press Club, to tell me that, the night before, the members of my profession at a club banquet had drunk a toast to me, and were sending me, each one, his individual message of hope and cheer.

SETTING A RECORD

My birthday was so royally celebrated by friends far and near each year that I began to suspect some of the more radical of having inaugurated a movement to make it a legal holiday. I am certain that some of the hospital attachés thought the same thing. They told me once that it was not at all unusual for the friends of patients to rally around them for the first few months of a long illness, but that they had

never before heard of an instance where the interest successfully stood a four years' test.

As the curtain rose on my fourth birthday in the hospital, a stream of messenger boys was discerned approaching my room. The first of them beat the breakfast tray by many minutes. Noon found my screen covered with wires and cables, and my room resembled the picture of Princess Mary's wedding. Every flower known to horticulture was represented, and I am inclined to think there were a few Burbank varieties in the lot. Food that was more likely to keep me in the hospital than help me out was in abundant evidence. Conspicuous in this category were birthday cakes with candles enough—in the aggregate, of course—to outfit a torchlight procession. I counted the candles on one and decided to put a stop to them (birthdays, I mean).

AN UNHAPPY ENDING

Though I preach and try to practice the comic spirit, now and then tragedy will play an uninvited rôle at my celebrations. The last friend had gone, and I had picked up a newspaper to relax for a little while before going to sleep. The first story that met my eye was an account of the death of my good friend, Louis de Foe, the late dramatic editor of the *New York World*. It is difficult to describe the feeling that swept over me. I had spent the day in

the joyful contemplation of what all my friends meant to me, and at the end of it waited the knowledge of what it meant to lose one.

I could only repeat to myself those words of Landor:

> "We lose a life in every friend we lose,
> And every death is painful but the last."

SAFE AND SANE

My Fourth of July was usually safe and sane—safe because the doctor was away and sane because it had to be. I had given the physicians my word of honor that I would set off no fireworks, stay away from the baseball games and avoid getting a sunstroke until I was discharged. And I kept my word, no matter what it cost me. To tell the truth, I found it much pleasanter to listen to other folks' firecrackers, read the accounts of the baseball games, and keep cool, when it was possible.

Independence Day had its serious side for me, since it was so near the time, four years ago, when I was preparing to lose my independence. Last year on that day there had been no mail or callers until a late hour. I had been framing my own declaration of independence after reading the great original, my composition punctuated by the explosions beneath my window.

A hurdy-gurdy came along, stopped across the street, and began to grind out a tune that cut my whimsical train of thought in two. It was "Smiles," the song my daughter used to play for me, and in an instant I was back in my apartment, four years before, listening to her at the piano. The hurdy-gurdy stopped, but I was already wandering far into the past, from which I was recalled only by the arrival of the nurse with the dinner tray.

PAST AND FUTURE

"Thanksgiving again! How time flies!" said one of my visitors on the last of those days that have found me still *hors de combat*. I looked back over the eternity of thirty-nine months that lay behind and wondered how any one could form such an opinion of time. Yet it was an occasion for real Thanksgiving, after all.

I asked myself what I had to be thankful for, and a multitude of blessings clamored to be recognized. I was thankful to God for sparing my life and giving me the strength to endure and carry on; for the lessons I had learned through suffering; for the help I seemed able to give others through my experiences; for the friendships I had inspired during these years; for my nerve that was still in fighting trim and for the flag of hope I still had nailed to the mast.

I was thankful that my talents were still unim-

paired, despite the disabling of my body; that every day was a step nearer victory and health; that I had been privileged to have children and see them fully grown.

Last but not least, I was thankful I did not have to face the rush hour in the subway.

NEVER FAILING

Christmas without Santa Claus, Fourth of July without flags, Thanksgiving without turkey would all have been just as unnatural as any of my hospital holidays without personal visits from E. F. Albee, Mrs. Ernest Boschen, Mrs. Herbert de Bower, Henry Chesterfield, Edward V. Darling, Mrs. Bird Farber, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Fellowes, John Flinn, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gorman, Mrs. William Grossman, Jenie Jacobs, Esther Lindner, J. J. Maloney, Harry Weber and Edgar Allan Woolf.

Season after season, rain, snow and shine, not one of these friends were deterred by business or social engagements from coming to see me on a holiday. They came to assure themselves that nothing had been left undone to make my gala days the best of all possible holidays and to add the only thing lacking to make them so—their presence.

THE OTHER SIDE

Possibly I have given the impression that hospital holidays are gala days. As a matter of fact, a hospital is lonelier then than at any other time, because every patient who is able to go home, does so before a holiday. But the good-bys of departing patients, and their joy at going home wholly or nearly well, while I lay there under an indeterminate sentence, ceased to depress me finally as once it did.

Sooner or later, I knew, it would be my turn to pack my suitcase, say good-by to my fellow-patients, thank the doctors, nuns and nurses for their care, and then—back to the Furious Forties, to pick up the threads of activity where I had dropped them, and give my friends fresh evidence that even my four years in the hospital had not been lost or wasted, and that I was still as keen to tackle anything as in the days before I knew I had a back—or cared.

Chapter XIII

MY MAIL BAG

THANKS, UNCLE SAM

There is genuine joy in the sight of familiar handwriting upon an envelope and a unique thrill in the letter that comes from a friend, unseen and unheard of for years. A strand, gone awry in friendship's loom, is woven again into the precious pattern! And the height of the shut-in's postal pleasure is the receipt of a special-delivery letter on Sunday. Often I have wondered if those gray-uniformed messengers of Uncle Sam who have a hospital on their route realize the amount of happiness they deliver at the doors of the institution.

Yet outside of the "flivver" and the telephone service there is probably no more favorite butt for jokes than the mail service. There was a time when I laughed as heartily as any one at the wheezes at the expense of the postal department, but now I have nothing but admiration, respect and gratitude for the men who despite rain, snow and torrid weather go their rounds without fail.

While in the hospital my mail was delivered through Station "O," New York Postoffice, and in four years only one letter of mine went astray and

I was not sure that that particular piece of mail ever got as far as New York. My mail during all that time was very heavy and a larger percentage of error could have crept in without giving a real basis for criticism. On several occasions I deemed it necessary to make inquiry and always I was met with the utmost of courtesy. For a time a postoffice inspector even came to the hospital at intervals to make sure that the delivery was satisfactory.

Somehow I can't see anything funny now in quips about the inefficiency of the men in gray.

IN THREE PARTS

My mail was divided into three parts—letters from people who wanted to give me advice, letters from those who wanted my advice, this ranging from counseling them about their own ailments to getting them jobs, having their manuscripts read and supplying them with introductions; and letters from my real friends who did none of these things. In a special class belonged those cheering epistles from people I did not know—perhaps never would—but who wanted to assure me they were rooting for me. These writers were of almost every strata of society, from the benches in the park to the benches of the Supreme Court, and they led one to believe that perhaps the brotherhood-of-man theory was something more than a philosopher's dream, after all.

'SALL RIGHT

It always made me feel as if I still had a part in the affairs of this planet to hear that my experiences had been of help to some one else. A soldier boy, whom I loved, and who used to call me "mother," was dying in a hospital "somewhere in France," after a battle that had all but wiped out his entire company. A friend, realizing how severely the boy was wounded, came to his bedside.

"Bud, you're all banged up," he said.

" 'Sall right," the soldier mumbled, "if it's going to do anybody any good, but it's hell if it ain't."

That's why I was so completely lifted up by the letter of one down-hearted girl, who wrote to tell me I had saved her life. Her repeated failure to obtain work to support herself and her little sister had made her despondent and she had decided to end it all. That evening she was only waiting for the little girl to go to sleep before turning on the gas, when she began to read an article in my column. It was one of my more militant documents, in which I announced that, like Paul Jones, I had only begun to fight.

It brought her to herself with a sense of shame, she continued, at the thing she had been contemplating and, with a prayer of thanks for her awakening, she renewed the promise she had made her mother at her death, that she would always guard and guide

her little sister. If I could win my fight in the face of the handicaps I had, she concluded, she too could fight through to victory with the assets on her side. I was familiar with every circle of the Inferno that Dante visited but that letter was worth it all, for I had helped some one carry on.

"'Sall right!"

IN ALASKAN SEAL

Only those who have gone across the pass and have mushed weary miles through Yukon snows can know the feeling of comradeship between the ones who met and conquered those perils as members of one big family. So, while it was pleasant, it was not a surprise to receive from Mr. and Mrs. Rex Beach during my first weeks at the hospital this kindly missive:

"We hear you broke your sled and are laid up at St. Vincent's roadhouse waiting for a new runner. How come? Did you skid on some glaze ice, or did your team cross a reindeer trail. Well, anyhow, we're mighty sorry and Greta says she'll hitch up the huskies and run down and give Vincent's place the once over just to see if he has enough canned stuff to make you comfortable. If he's short on anything, remember our cache is full and what's ours is yours.

"The other sour-doughs are with you too, and they'll see that no chechahco jumps your claim while you're laid up-

Yes, and don't worry about the clean-up either; if you're not back on the creek by spring the gang will run a string of boxes and shovel in for you. How are you fixed for Carnation? and roses? Love and sympathy from,

"Rex and Greta Beach."

A LIMIT

My optimism, real and supposed, has often led some of my friends into the error of thinking it could perform miracles. Witness, for instance, Stephen Clow's sublime faith in my ability to laugh at the scourge that made Job famous.

"Indeed," he wrote, "I can never get over my amazement at your endurance and your cheerfulness. Personally I have no patience under suffering. In the past four months I have been tormented with boils and have exhausted the entire vocabulary of sulphurous words. What I have suffered must be a drop in the bucket as compared with you and would be taken by you with a smile. However, as you have so often remarked, suffering has some wonderful revelations of the spirit inextricably associated with it. You recall Shelley's marvelous line in 'The Skylark,' about learning in suffering what he taught in song."

The idea is splendid, but my fortitude, like the reports of Mark Twain's death, is greatly exaggerated. I don't smile at boils. I am still human.

PEN MEN

Human nature is human nature, in a prison as well as out of it, and often the very rigor of the régime stirs into life qualities that have lain dormant until then. A communication from Neil McConlogue, connected with the Prison Welfare Association, related that they had received from the inmates of one of the State penitentiaries a request for nursery stories and Mother Goose rimes. These works are not usually considered "best sellers" in prison circles and the members of the association started a quiet investigation.

This is what they learned. One of the "paying guests" of the institution—he was paying for having inspired too much confidence in a credulous "rube" —had a wife and baby "out there," and not a day passed without an exchange of letters between the convict and his family. By its mother the child had been brought up to believe that "daddy" was in a hospital. Each of the father's letters included a fairy story for the little one. One day the story-teller ran short of material and in desperation appealed to one of his prison-mates to help him. Assistance was forthcoming and the details of the father's predicament spread from cell to cell.

Every one of the prisoner's fellow-passengers on the train to Straightville, who had any imagination or could spin a yarn, immediately took it upon him-

self to see that "Three Card Sam's" little girl had her daily fairy tale, even if "Cinderella," "Puss in Boots," "Jack and the Beanstalk" and all the other classics had to be rewritten from a dozen different angles to get it for her.

FRIENDLY FINANCE

It was an exceptional week during my illness that did not bring forth at least one offer of financial assistance. My friends, knowing that operations, hospital rooms, nurses and all the other incidentals of illness, constituted a great drain upon a purse already depleted, were always inquiring in the most tactful way how the well-known bankroll was holding out. Fortunately their kindness at my two benefits made it unnecessary to accept their eagerly-proffered aid. But their desire that my worry about my physical solvency be my only anxiety, will stand out in my memory long after most of my hospital recollections have mingled with the dust of forgetfulness.

BITING BULLETS

If I could concentrate and put to work all the sunshine that came to me through the mail, I could give light and life to a dozen planets the size of this one.

"Keep up the fight, Pardner. Don't let them make you bite the dust, just bite the bullets," was

the message that came from William S. Hart, the favorite of thousands of film fans, and a sterling representative of the "speakies" before he deserted the footlights for Flickerville. I sent back word to the Famous Badman that I was doing my best. I was not only biting the bullets, but even trying to swallow them as he did when he played the "Man From the Mountains" in vaudeville years ago.

A TEAR CHASER

Who could be downhearted after the receipt of such an electric greeting as this one from the incorrigible Will M. Cressy, of the vaudeville team of Cressy and Dane,

"Got an idea! We have the Rockefeller Foundation and are trying to get a Woodrow Wilson Foundation, so why not a Nellie Revell Foundation? I hear you are laid on a bed of stone. You have a firmer and more solid foundation than either John or Woodrow ever had. Like all permanent good things you are founded on a rock and your advancement and improvements all date from the Stone Age.

"You are not extravagant. One stone shirt has lasted you four years. You are not hard on shoes. Or hats. Anyway, here's one vote for you. Now remember this is a hot summer, and don't get to racing around, tangoing, shimmying and staying out nights and getting talked about. Anything else that I think of I will wire you—collect.

"With the very best wishes that can be wished by a first-

class wisher, that you hurry up and learn that a spine is not like a husband, made to be sat on, and resume your perpendicular position in society, we remain, now and always, Yours to command.

"The Whole Cressy Family."

LISTENING IN

My single experience with the radio—an indirect one, to be sure—brought me this comforting missive from the rabbi of Emanu-el Synagogue, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

"I have heard your story broadcasted from WJZ. I shall be happy to hear some day that you have won the fight. A prayer in the synagogue will be of help, and I'll offer a silent one, and put in a good word for you. Sincerely yours,

"Elias Margolis."

RADIO BY MAIL

In this age of machinery it is quite in keeping to express sympathy in technical terms. I will admit, however, that I had to do quite a bit of studying up in the radio columns before I was able to decode this communication from Roy K. Moulton:

"I received a message through my new 17 h.p. receiving machine at my radio broadcasting station last night, telling me that you were unable to tune in on the proper wavelength, because something had happened to your antennæ.

I am very sorry that you have had to go to the repair-shop because you are one broadcasting machine that I never thought would break down. I believe you have broadcasted more messages than anybody I know—and some of them have been true.

"Now if there is anything that I or any of my machine-shop hands can do to help you get your wires straightened out, send me word at once. I believe, from a distance, that you have a short circuit somewhere. I hope they have some experts at St. Vincent's who can find the proper contact that will set you in motion again, for we all miss you very much from dear old Luxury Lane, where everything is true except the press stuff and that is too good to be true.

"But, honestly, there is one advantage in being in a hospital. It will give you some slight consolation to know that you will not for some time be obliged to listen to any radio programs including lectures on hog culture and night shirt tales. We will do all we can to have them improved before you get out. My best regards to you and sympathy.

"Roy K. Moulton."

LIGHTLY SPEAKING

"Illuminating" is the only adjective that properly describes the earnest assurance that Edward Jacoby, one of my favorite stage electricians, found time to send me from the road. I know now, that when I get ready to stage "The Comeback," Eddie will give me the same thorough-going coöperation that helped so much to put over my shows in the past.

"I just can't seem to make myself believe," said his screed, "that you are still on your back. Hurry

up and get your own apartment and I'll come from Hongkong or Hell to wire it for you. Just to see you on your feet again, giving orders, would be a treat."

I don't have to be on my feet to give orders—ask any of the nurses. I may have to be in good standing to make any one carry them out, but I can still issue them.

TRACK TIPS

During the open season on postal cards, I always received my full quota of them. William Pinkerton and Cornelius Fellowes never went to Saratoga without "post-carding" me on the two great pastimes of the old resort—the Sport of Kings and drinking the bad-tasting but good-health water. Several thoughtful friends kept me supplied with tips on the races one entire season. I wouldn't know a race-horse from a Rocky Mountain Goat any more and there were times when I wouldn't have bet two dollars that I was alive.

But it was good to feel the warm humanity pulsing through the thoughts of those far-away friends, and they did as much for me as though I had played and won on every tip they gave me. There is just as much gambling going on in a hospital, incidentally, as there is in the betting ring, and the stakes are bigger than they ever are at Laurel, Pimlico,

Belmont or Saratoga. And, when any one loses the race, it is not because there was any betting against him.

It does not always matter which jockey gets the mount;
When they rally at the homestretch, there's one thing alone will count.
Luck oft surpasses talent, and for better or for worse,
It's the hind horse gets the lashing, while the front horse gets the purse.

LINKS OF FRIENDSHIP

When I was well enough to play golf, I never seemed able to find time to learn. And then when I took a four-year vacation, I discovered that St. Vincent's had plenty of courses of treatment but no golf courses. Thus there are several things about the Scotch pastime I do not know. One point I am sure of—when Grantland Rice writes to cheer and encourage one, he keeps his eye on the ball, times his shot and follows through.

"Knowing what it is to be bunkered for any considerable spell," he wrote me, when first I became ill, "I hope you will soon be back on the fairway again at the top of your game. Life seems to consist mainly of playing out of the rough or of shooting from one trouble to another. And those who can spend part of the time on the fairway are lucky.

"The best part of all philosophy is in knowing how to take the break of the game when it comes, and through all the bunkers and hazards, the traps, the pits, the rough and the stymies, to keep on playing out the game without wavering. It is the only thing that counts. I know several folks who would be wonders if they only knew how to play out of trouble. But when they are bunkered they are whipped. When they come to the heel-prints of life they run up the white flag and tear up their cards.

"The champion must be a wizard at getting out of traps, for even the champion will get his share of these any time he starts. And if he doesn't know how to play out of the rough and out of the sand, his outlook is 98 per cent indigo with a fringe of pale green. When one is bunkered or trapped the first need is a mixture of determination and poise—and the next move is to get back on the fairway in as few strokes as possible. In both golf and life you keep your eye on the ball or there's nothing to it.

"The great thing is to feel you can be beaten, but never stopped. To know that you may be seven down but there's a fighting chance and that bucking trouble has its share of thrills. Here's the hope that you will soon be beating bogie up and down, a sure winner over the great course in spite of all its traps and pits. Sincerely,

"GRANTLAND RICE."

ACROSS THE SEAS

No matter what side of the world my friends may be on, there is always the link of letter or cable that binds them to me. During a gathering of American theatrical folk at Ethel Levey's in London, a composite message was made up for my benefit. Into

it every one present contrived to pack all the smiles and sunshine at their command. I contributed the tears myself. The authors were Ethel Levey and her husband, Claude Grahame-White; Clifton Webb and Mabel Webb, his mother; Norma Talmadge and her husband, Joseph Schenck, and Constance Talmadge and Mrs. Margaret Talmadge, their mother; Fanny Ward; Joe Coyne; Helen and Josephine Trix; Carl Hyson and Dorothy Dickson; and Justine Johnstone and her husband, Walter Wanger.

"HOME AGAIN BLUES"

There were times when I was sorry that previous engagements would not permit me to go to Europe, but after reading the reports of some of my correspondents who were over there, my regrets were substantially modified. Alice Rohe, than whom America can boast no better newspaper woman, assured me, from the depths of a tiny Italian village, that there was neither plumbing nor prohibition over there and that, while they were long on scenery, they were short on soap and sanitation.

Miss Rohe consoled me somewhat for my stationary plight by telling me that Sarah Bernhardt had inquired for me with special interest during the course of an interview and that Mrs. Pat Campbell had declared I was the only woman she had met in America, who could say "Damn it" just to suit her.

THE LAST STRAW

If my first informant's Italian experience had not been enough to make me assume a policy of aloofness towards all Europe, the following letter from Fannie Hurst served to clinch the argument:

"There's no cologne in Cologne, no swiss cheese in Switzerland, no frankfurters in Frankfort, no Vienna loaf in Vienna (but a lot of Vienna loafers) and, judging by the number of Americans over here, there are no Americans left in America, so I'm coming home to keep you from being lonesome."

OH! WHAT LANGUAGE

When they returned from Europe my friends always informed me how difficult it was to travel there without a knowledge of at least one of the languages. I wonder what they would have thought, had they seen the letter I got from Ned Alvord, one of the best circus advance agents that ever stole a "daub" or "ditched a bundle of snipes" under the culvert on a country route. He wrote me that he was glad I had survived all the "blow-downs," "Hey, rubes," "wet lots," "long hauls," "split tips" and "sloughing of the joints," and that he hoped I would soon be able to "put it up and take it down" and "sheet them five high with a foot streamer."

TAKE 'EM

Frank J. Price, Jr., whom I remember as office boy, reporter, copy editor, assistant city editor and first-rate soldier, added his testimony to my theory that the Monroe Doctrine suits me perfectly. Writing from Odessa, Russia, where he was engaged in newspaper and relief work, he informed me I was lucky to be able to live in "the good old U.S.A.," adding that there were worse things than being shut in.

Nor did I receive any sympathy for my protest against gluten bread and spinach. They were luxuries to a Bolshevik, he said. I immediately started a campaign to ship all available supplies of both to Russia. I can't think of any better way of getting even with Lenin and Trotski. Irvin S. Cobb, who made spinach notorious, has promised me his faithful coöperation.

IN DAYS GONE BY

Occasionally the mail bag contained a letter that regaled me with reminiscences of other days, before the beginning of The Spinal Era. One, in particular, was a sharp reminder of how far behind me youth was. It was a "memorygram" from James H. Cullen and, in spite of the tales he tells on me, is worth quoting.

"You certainly have put St. Vincent's Hospital on the 'big time.' I remember when you were living over the box-office at the old Olympic Theatre in Chicago, where Jake Rosenthal sold the tickets, and George Castle and 'Little Abe' Jacobs fixed up the lithographs for the next week. They used Robson and Crane for Hawkins and Collins and Professor Herman for Andy Adams, and I remember once I was Sol Smith Russell and Maximilian was Roland Reed. And do you remember that Castle always kept a seat for Topsy, the dog, every Monday and then watched the show with him? And we all went to Emmey's on Water Street for our dinner, and ate our heads off for two bits? If we come to town, I will call on you and I hope you will be in."

NO JULIET URGE

"I am sitting on my nice, large porch," penned Trixie Friganza from Hollywood, "and I wish you were here." My rejoinder was that it would have to be a nice, large porch to accommodate both of us. It was during our late epidemic of Juliets and further on in the letter I suggested to Trixie the possibility of her entering the Shakespearian lists. She declined the nomination in no uncertain terms.

"After my experience with *The Passing Show*," she replied, "in which I had to jump into a tank every performance, I am for staying up from now on. Besides I have to lie awake nights figuring how to keep my act ahead of the times, so that I won't get into a rut, much less a grave."

Undaunted, I interviewed Sophie Tucker on the same burning subject.

"Why not, if I could get a good orchestration and the right musicians?" countered the "Jazz Queen."

PERHAPS BATTLE CREEK

Mary Moore, who had been suffering from a broken neck, sustained in an automobile accident, sent me a note to say that she was rapidly regaining her health in her home at Little Neck. I made up my mind at once that while I might feel perfectly at home in either Hartsdale or Scarsdale, my recuperation ought properly to take place in Back Bay. But certainly not in Cripple Creek.

TOO LATE

Apropos of my temporary annoyance, a woman wrote me from San Antonio that after suffering for years with the same malady, an operation by a New York surgeon had completely cured her and that in five years she had taken on twenty pounds and also had become a mother. My mode of procedure might have been slower, but inasmuch as I already weighed nearly two hundred pounds and was a grandmother, I thought I had better let well enough alone.

OUT OF THE PAST

Among my friends who delight in variations on the "I Knew Them When" theme, Julius Witmark stands out preëminent. It was to him I was indebted for a copy of a song I had written and forgotten, never mind how many years ago. On the title page was a picture of the author in the costume of that period. It was a coon song, entitled "After What He Done To Me," and Mr. Witmark's comment was that it was more appropriate now than when I wrote it.

I HAD IT FILLED

My own handwriting is fairly hard to unravel and I have received some letters that puzzled me for a time, but I think the most unintelligible epistle I ever received came from Irene Franklin. After fighting back the horrible suspicion that I was losing my eyesight, I made up my mind that it must be some sort of a code. I seemed able to make out that she had a cold, but the rest of it might have been in Chinese. Then I took a second look and the mystery was solved.

She had sent me the prescription she had laid aside to take to the neighboring drug store. I have often wondered whether the druggist enjoyed her letter to me!

THE POET'S CORNER

How one mortal so full of faults as I know myself to be can have inspired so much devotion in her friends as mine have given me, I will never fully understand. Perhaps it is because my affection for them is equally deep and lasting that such tributes as this poem, by Florence Nightingale Knight Harris, President of the League of Women Voters, Seventh Assembly District of New York, have come to me:

*N*ellie, we love you and want you to know it;
*E*ver it strengthens and we try to show it.
*L*isten to me, dear; you're our inspiration.
*L*ook upward! A lesson you teach to the nation.
*I*ndeed, such a life has not been lived in vain,
E'en though your lot be a sick bed of pain.

*R*eligion you teach us and how to endure,
*E*ach of us better for a faith so pure.
*V*erily, such is a portion of heaven,
*E*ach of us better for having such leaven.
*L*aughing you still "carry on" uncomplaining.
*L*ord, teach us all a true faith so sustaining.

Chapter XIV

ON THE WIRE

MESSAGES OF HOPE

According to several authorities on the subject the human race is on the downgrade with the rails slippery, the sand-tank empty and the brakes burned out. It may be so. I wouldn't care to contradict an authority, for I am acquainted personally with only a small percentage of the world's population. But I do suspect that these pessimism peddlers have never met the same people I know. For when men and women, living busy lives and surrounded by every amusement, can take the time to send a friendly thought and a message of hope to some one who needs it, this world can't be all bad.

During my hospital years the messenger boys in the district which included St. Vincent's didn't consider their week's work complete unless they had carried at least ten telegrams to me. On holidays, such as Christmas, New Years and Thanksgiving, Easter and my birthday, the parade of A. D. T. lads was almost continuous; at other times it was not at all out of the ordinary to receive telegrams from friends for no reason other than that they had been thinking of me and wanted to wish me luck.

INTERPRETER NEEDED

On just one Christmas Day there came in sixty-two messages from people scattered over most of the world, every one bulging with kindness and good wishes and each writer vying with the others to say the cheeriest thing and the thing that would make me laugh and forget my troubles. The senders represented many walks of life and the contents of the wires afforded much amusement to my callers. In fact a doctor who was reading them needed an interpreter.

One from Daniel Burns, an old circus man, read: "Here's hoping the day is near when you will be able to take the gils on a high pitch." Another from Cornelius Fellowes, wintering at the New Orleans race track, told me: "You are still a better bet than most of our horses down here and you will soon get under the wire to victory."

Some telegrams were signed by every member of the theatrical company sending them, as in the case of the following: "The members of the Sally, Irene and Mary company, playing the Casino Theatre, New York, sincerely wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and all hope from the bottom of our hearts for your speedy recovery."

Through Will M. Cressy I was informed that: "Sixty-five actor folks, newspaper folks, managers and some human beings assembled here to-night at

the big Kansas City Orpheum Christmas Tree Party want you to know that we love you and want you back with us again."

Still another read: "The special charm of Christmas is the assurance it brings that we live in the memory of our friends. A Merry Christmas to you from the entire vaudeville bill at the Palace Theatre, Flint, Mich.—The Four Nightons, Edmunds and Levelle, Bobby Jackson and Company, Hager and Goodwin, Leonard Anderson Company and the Little Giant Manager."

Peggy O'Neil, who was in London that Christmas, cabled me: "There is a candle burning for you on the altar of my church and a special mass will be said to-day for your recovery."

Irvin S. Cobb came through with: "Merry Christmas to the gamest guy I know." Fannie Hurst asserted that "not all the sermons have been carved in stone," while Otto Floto, sporting editor of the *Denver Post*, wired to ask: "Who was it said they never come back? You're proof that they're wrong. Merry Christmas from every one in Denver."

"You have the true spirit of France. Vive Madame Revell," was the message that came from the late Sarah Bernhardt, who, too, was suffering.

CONCERNING TURKEY

Thanksgiving was always an occasion that gave the clerks in the hospital office writer's cramp sign-

ing for my wires. At an early hour in the morning my screen would already be covered with a display that looked like the desk of the telegraph editor on a busy night. One wire came, my fourth Thanksgiving in bed, from Nellie Nichols, who is a Greek. Said she: "I'd like to give you turkey if I could separate it from Greece," while a night letter from Constance Talmadge informed me that I could have both Turkey and Greece for all she cared.

Sime Silverman, who was out on the road, sent me word that: "If I wasn't working, I'd come down and tell you about the turkeys on the road." In stage vernacular a "turkey" is a one-night stand.

Bill Hart's Pinto Pony wired my canary bird to present me with his and his boss's A-Number One good wishes, and Norma Talmadge assured me that California turkeys, like all other products of that state, are the best in the world and I'd better arrange to have my next one out there.

But the most subtle compliment of them all was contained in this message from Alf Wilton: "We have been drinking your health until we have almost ruined our own."

AT ODD TIMES

It is no exaggeration to say that the receipt of wires from friends many miles away and engrossed in important affairs had as stimulating an effect

on my morale as did a fleet of doctors. Often they would drop in out of a perfectly clear sky, when I was feeling slightly discouraged, and I could not long remain so when I had the knowledge that a friend was trusting to me to go in and win.

THE LOST CLEW

One particular occasion comes to mind. It was just before the testimonial given for me by my friends. I was in considerable pain and rather blue at my lack of progress. And then came this telegram from William Pinkerton, the detective: "I have just learned of the big robbery—that you have been robbed of your health. If the medical 'Hawkshaws' do not soon find a clew we intend to detail as many of our operatives as necessary in an effort to arrest the culprit and restore the missing valuables."

Sam H. Harris, the theatrical producer, was responsible for another telegram that came at an opportune moment. "Irving Berlin and I," he sent word, "will be down to-morrow at two o'clock. See that you remain in." I had word taken back to him that the Salvation Army slogan, "A man may be down but he's never out," just fitted me. I may have been down but I was always in and sometimes almost all in.

My only objection to these springs from the fact that every once in a while a person has a right to

feel out-of-sorts and nobody could keep up the pose very long with messages like those coming in.

HAPPY DREAMS

Probably one of the few wires about dreams that the telegraph companies have ever handled came to me from Eddie Cantor, who was visiting my old haunt, Atlantic City.

"My wife," he told me, "dreamed last night that you were well and out seeing a show. Her dreams always come true and so I'm expecting to see you out in front soon."

NO BOOKMAKERS AROUND

Even though I passed up the opportunity of winning a few dollars I got a good laugh one day out of a wire containing a tip on a race from some of the boys who were trying to separate the fast ones from the slow ones at the Saratoga race track. I wondered if they thought all I had to do was send down to one of the nuns in the office and have her put four dollars on the third race at Saratoga.

STILL IN THE GAME

The New York Newspaper Women's Club at its inception honored me by making me its first life

member and the notification came by telegram a few minutes after the action had been taken by the other members. It was a complete surprise, for the club was just being formed and was composed of the livest live-wires among the female of the newspaper species.

The word arrived one night when I was all alone and had had no visitors the whole day. I lay wondering what was going on outside in the great world of which I could see only the fragment framed by my window. The night nurse brought me in the familiar yellow square of paper and upon it was the message: "You have just been elected the first and only life member of the New York Newspaper Women's Club. It was by acclamation through cheers and tears. (Signed—Theodora Bean)."

Tears filled my eyes. "No bad news, I hope," ventured the nurse.

"The best in the world," I replied, "and I am so happy."

She gave me one of those "you have a funny way of showing it" looks and left me to enjoy my cry.

A COLD RECEPTION

One day, the first that I was able to walk down the hall, I decided to reverse this process of wire-pulling to get me well. I thought it was about my turn to talk first and accordingly I made my way

down to the telephone at the end of the corridor. I was happy. For the first time in four years I was to have the blessed privilege of getting wrong numbers and the busy signal once more. I didn't mind a bit getting Buttercup 14½ when I wanted Buttermilk 1412.

Finally I got the number I had asked for, expecting to hear my friend at the other end of the wire give nine rahs and do a Scottish fling when she heard my voice, actually at the 'phone. Instead she cried and I was disgusted. I tried another woman who had cheered me many a time. She cried too and I hung up.

Then I called up my boss and he swore under his breath and ordered me back to bed at once, giving as an excuse that he was afraid I'd overdo it. If all I was going to get for my trouble was tears and cuss-words, I decided it wasn't worth even a nickel a shot to talk to my friends over the telephone. I must have been talking out of my turn.

A DIFFERENCE

At that the telephone occasioned at least one good chuckle for me. An attendant brought me the message that Alan Dale was on the wire and wanted to know if it were true that I could sit up. I returned word that I didn't have any difficulty in sitting up, but that, doggone it, I couldn't sit down.

Chapter XV

WHAT I READ

THE FRIENDLY BOOKS

Of all sick people those most to be pitied are they who either are unable or do not care to read. Cut off from their work and their friends as they usually are, the passing of hour after hour unoccupied becomes a tragedy. I had never realized how much the companionship of books and newspapers meant to me until my eyes failed temporarily and I was forced to lie in a darkened room for several weeks, forbidden to read so much as a line of print.

A CHRISTMAS WISH

Each of my days opens with a poem and a prayer; a prayer of thanks for my friends and a poem that helps me to be worthy of them. I have had to go several days at a time without food, and a few even without water. But I have never been without those twin acolytes of the morning. It is to Edgar Guest I owe the beautiful verses that have ushered in my Christmases at St. Vincent's and I have each year

tried to "broadcast" them with thought-waves so that their spirit would be recorded in the heart of every friend I have.

I'd like to be the sort of friend that you have been to me.
I'd like to be the help that you've been always glad to be.
I'd like to mean as much to you each minute of the day
As you have meant, old friend of mine, to me along the way.

I'd like to do the big things and the splendid things for you,
To brush away the gray from out your skies and leave them only blue;
I'd like to say the kindly things that I so oft have heard,
And feel that I could rouse your soul the way that mine you've stirred.

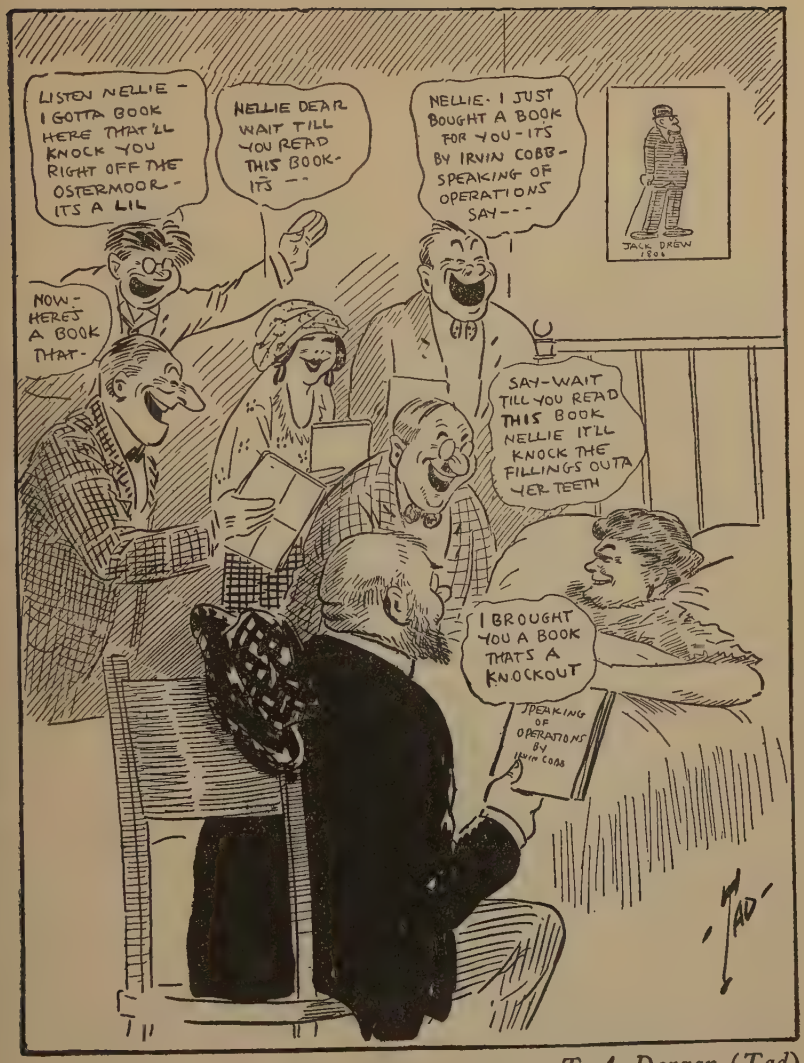
I'd like to give you back the joy that you have given me,
Yet that were wishing you a need I hope will never be;
I'd like to make you feel as rich as I, who travel on
Undaunted in the darkest hours with you to lean upon.

I'm wishing at this Christmas time that I could but repay
A portion of the gladness that you've strewn along my way;
Could I have but one wish this year, this only would it be,
I'd like to be the sort of friend that you have been to me.

—Edgar Guest.
(By permission McNaught Syndicate.)

"COLYUMS" AND CARTOONS

The whole tribe of columnists and cartoonists, what fun they bring to shut-ins, such as I, by their



T. A. Dorgan (Tad)

Irvin Cobb is not only a great humorist but a great doctor as well. His "Speaking of Operations" is just as much a part of a hospital treatment as iodine—and even more effective. I stopped counting my copies when the thousandth arrived; and they're still coming.

scintillating humor and their whimsical skits on human nature. All of us love a joke, sometimes on ourselves, and always on the other fellow. Being acquainted with many of these newspaper workers I was especially appreciative of their work.

F. P. A. (Franklin P. Adams) one day referred to the old Olympic theater in Chicago, where I was once press agent and in a flash I was back in the good, old days when you could see a wonderful show for ten, twenty and thirty cents and when many of our now famous stage stars received their first recognition. It was in those days and at the Olympic theater incidentally that the Four Cohans first became headliners.

Foremost among the cartoons that contribute toward my enjoyment are the "Winnie Winkle" and "Popular Pest" series in the *New York Daily News* and the *Chicago Tribune.* I mentioned this fact to Phil Payne, managing editor of the *News* and the message was relayed to Branner, the artist. He called on me later and I had the surprise of my life when I beheld in him Martin, of the erstwhile vaudeville team of Martin and Fabrina.

CAUSE FOR THOUGHT

The column by Roy K. Moulton in the *New York Evening Mail* has contained many a laugh for me and sometimes a tear. A paragraph of his which

caused a lump in my throat was about a trip to the seashore.

"We were on our way to Long Beach for a swim," he wrote. "The car did not seem to be working properly and when we arrived at our destination after some delay we were ill-tempered. On the beach we found about seventy-five crippled children. They were in bathing suits. Some could only get around by crawling on their hands and knees. Three young girls with soft, sweet faces pulled themselves along the sand with their hands. One little colored girl hopped along like a toad. They were all laughing and having a good time. We watched them for a time and then joined in the fun."

He did not have to append a moral, for every one who read the paragraph must have wondered what healthy people had to worry about.

TROTTY VECK

One week there came to me a little pamphlet entitled "All's Well." On the gray cover was this quotation from Browning: "God's in His Heaven, All's right with the world." It was one of the little "Trotty Veck" messengers which came to me from time to time and always brought me much cheer, as they did to almost a hundred thousand other people who were sick and suffering.

"Cheer up" was the salutation on the envelope

containing the booklet. Of course it is easy enough to say those words but it doesn't mean so much coming from the fellow who is up to the fellow who is down. But when it comes from the fellow who is also down—well, that's different. This encouraging word came not from the glib lips of a person in perfect health who did not know the meaning of misfortune, but from the heart of men who knew what it was to suffer, who had suffered and were suffering even then.

The history of the "Trotty Veck" messengers is both an interesting and an admirable one. In 1912 Seymour Bryant Eaton, a brother of Frank Eaton of the *New York Tribune*, and Charles S. Barnet, a son of the man who wrote *Miss Simplicity*, *The Show Girl*, and many other plays, went to Saranac Lake to regain their health. They formed a partnership and the time that might have been spent in worrying about their illness they devoted to sending messages of cheer and hope to others who were ill. The little books come out at the rate of about one a year and bear such inspirational titles as "'Be of Good Cheer," "Courage," "Pluck," "Be Patient," "Keep Smiling," and "All's Well." Some of the courageous epigrams that have been broadcast in the various numbers are:

"Remember the steam kettle; though up to its neck in hot water, it keeps singing.

"The world moves from east to west. Trotty says if you don't like it, get on the moon; it goes the other way.

"There is nothing in the world worth doing wrong for.

"Evil thoughts, like green apples, upset the whole system."

One of the partners, Mr. Eaton, has passed on. But the other partner, as Dr. Frank Crane said in one of his editorials, has kept lit "a candle of cheer that sends its beams far into the world."

VICIOUS FISHES

Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dane, who is Mrs. Cressy, built themselves a beautiful winter home at St. Petersburg, Florida, and immediately upon its completion invited me to do my convalescing down there. I was inclined to accept until I saw a morning paper, which announced "Girl bather bitten by barracuda near St. Petersburg." In case the reader thinks as I did that a barracuda is a Pullman car, let me explain that it is a big game fish.

Anyway I declined the invitation. I've dodged some big game and evaded several kinds of sharks in my day but I thought that if a high-school girl couldn't outswim those hungry sea-tigers, what chance would I have. When I went to Florida I was going to Palm Beach. I've been told they feed their fish better over there.

ROSIER MONDAY

The proverbial blue Monday was changed for me into one of slightly rosier tint by the reading of Baird Leonard's Monday morning laments in the *New York Morning Telegraph.* Miss Leonard and I, we found, had many kindred kicks. Both of us received letters from the revenue officers reminding us our income taxes for 1920 were unpaid and that unless checks were forthcoming immediately they would proceed against us. I don't know how Miss Leonard felt about it but I would have regarded a revenue officer as a godsend if he had gotten a habeas corpus and taken me out of the hospital.

We both had attacks of insomnia, but they behaved differently. She rolled and tossed when Morpheus deserted her and while he passed me up like a white check in a million-dollar-limit game I couldn't either roll or toss. I noted just before the holiday season one year that she was going to purchase books as Christmas gifts for all her friends. I wrote to her at once, saying that she needn't send me a book. I already had one.

UP TO THE MINUTE

Every week I anxiously devoured "The Skirt's" column in *Variety* and read with vivid interest her

descriptions of the pretty clothes the ladies on the stage were wearing. It was gratifying to learn that my spring outfit was the proper thing after all. I had been apprehensive lest the severely-tailored aspect of my costume, it being patterned on simple lines of steel and concrete, might be considered too masculine.

So it was quite comforting to know that the tendency was toward one-piece gowns, made more clinging. That put me right in style, for nothing could have clung better than my one-piece Annette Kellermann-King Tut frock. For that reason it might have been looked on as a trifle extreme by fastidious dressers but they could not have helped but admire how perfectly it defined the tapering line between the waist and the hip, something required then of gowns strictly up to the moment.

Yet "The Skirt," Mrs. Sime Silverman, though she brought me nice things to eat and beautiful things to wear that only she could describe, never had a word to say about my costume. And I was featured in the cast, too! My costume might not have been pretty to look at but it was made by an expert and it cost a lot.

JUST MY LUCK

If any one wants to know about this self-analysis business, all they have to do is lie in a hospital and

watch the things their friends bring them. I could always tell how I registered mentally with a person by the sort of literature he brought me. One day a friend arrived with an assortment of magazines and whispered to me that they were a little vivid.

The books were left on a chair and before they could be put away, in came H. H. Howland, editor of the Bobbs-Merrill Publishing Company, his wife —Irvin Cobb's sister—and our own Peggy Wilson. Now I have very few high-brow friends and it seems to me just the irony of fate that Mr. Howland, one of the people I should like to impress favorably—not only because he is from one of my pet towns, Indianapolis, but because his brother is my daughter's city editor—should reach over and pick up from the flock of magazines one entitled "Broadway Brevities."

AN AWKWARD MOMENT

Once I was honored by a request to act as chairman for the theatrical division of the Jewish War Orphans' Drive. I accepted and later was the recipient of many letters of thanks and commendation from the committee and from prominent Hebrews. It was all very gratifying. But my embarrassment was equally great when two of the committee called to thank me in person and when they walked in I was reading *The Dearborn Independent.*

ORIGINAL OR NOTHING

Authors of best sellers seem to know what shut-ins like to read. During my illness Rex Beach, Channing Pollock, Zoe Beckley, William S. Hart, Sophie Irene Loeb, Irvin S. Cobb, Burns Mantle, Fannie Hurst, George Hobart, Robert Simpson, Heywood Broun, Kenneth Macgowan, F. P. A. (Franklin P. Adams), George Kaufman and Marc Connelly, John Drew, Roy K. Moulton, Hughie Fullerton, J. Frank Davis, Charles Kenmore Ulrich, Augustus Thomas, Mabel Rowland and Marian Chapman made a point of keeping me supplied with their latest books.

As a rule I am as much interested in what is written on the flyleaf as in the contents of the book. One spring publishing season there was a great array of this "direct from producer to consumer" literature on my table, each volume inscribed with the legend, "With the compliments of the author." The collection struck the eye of Lorrain McAnney, who had wandered in to pass the time of day, and he examined the inscriptions, evidently much impressed. The next day there came a book from him and on the flyleaf was "With the compliments of the purchaser."

LIZZIE DE LUXE

An Elizabeth de Luxe instead of the much-maligned Tin Lizzie! At least that was what we had

a right to expect after reading that Henry Ford was seriously contemplating making automobiles out of a composition consisting mainly of cotton. Wouldn't that have been cute?

Then I suppose when we returned from our spin, instead of putting the car in the garage, we would put it in the linen closet with the doilies and tea towels. When it began to look mussed, instead of getting it repainted, we could send it to the laundry. The tool kit would be equipped with a stocking darner, a bodkin, needle and thread and a card of safety pins. I suppose for Sundays there would be hand-embroidered flivvers. And the tops could have picot edges with No. 1 baby ribbon laced through insertion. The seat covers could be of pastel shades and we wouldn't know them from a bassinet. And the Merrick Road on Sunday afternoon would look like a baby parade on the Boardwalk at Asbury Park.

BARGAIN HUNTING

Shopping in the Sunday newspapers is a game akin to window-wishing but it is best played by some one long confined and who has no other way of making selections. The best of it is, neither cash nor a charge account are needed and there are no bills at the first of the month to chide us for our extravagance.

Usually about the time I had picked out the dining-room set and was making my selections of the curtains for the living room the nurse came in with my dinner tray and my shopping for the afternoon was over. And, speaking of eating, something should be done to suppress the genius who writes the advertisements for Child's Restaurants. Fatigued as I may be from a hard day of imaginary shopping my need for nourishment is forgotten in admiration of his skill. In the most delicious manner he refers to the discovery and history of coffee and relates how wonderfully it is prepared in his establishments. Or he takes you into his confidence about the science required to evolve a wheat cake and points out how superior their chefs are to all others in respect to this edible epic. It is all very appetizing but not calculated to make one look with favor on routine hospital fare. Some day, if he wants to lose me as a regular reader, all he has to do is write an essay on carrots and I will be off him for life.

REAL ESTATE DEALS

While chasing down bargains in the papers was a great pastime of mine, buying real estate in the same way was my passion. For years before my incapacitation I was an earnest student of the realty pages and during my internment I did not allow my interest to relax one whit. Indeed, I think I men-

tally bought more properties in that time than were sold in all New York. I was not the least bit partial to localities. One Sunday I would acquire an acre of ground and a small house in Connecticut. The next I would decide on a bungalow on Long Island Sound and the following Sabbath I would move over to Jersey.

Taking old houses and fixing them over with fireplaces, bay windows and French doors was one of the best things I did. Or I might fancy a flat in a convenient neighborhood. I had lots of fun papering and redecorating it. One day I might decide to do my bedroom in blue and the next discard it for old rose.

Occasionally I saw an advertisement that intrigued my interest. Such a one was "a quaint little house on a quaint little street" somewhere in New Jersey. It was thus advertised off and on for nearly two years and I wondered why a place so described should fail to find a purchaser. I suspected it was haunted or there wasn't any such house. Then it disappeared from the advertising columns for good and I assume some quaint person got it.

FIRST NIGHTS

Though I stopped attending shows four years ago I have participated in many openings since that time and I am not speaking of operations either. Every

première which included friends of mine in the company (and most of them did) found me lying in the hospital rooting. Yes, and believe it or not, praying for the success of the venture that meant so much to the people who meant so much to me.

On the following morning I was accustomed to devour the papers eagerly to see "if the show got over." The nurse who busied herself around the room as I read the notices could tell how the show went by my expressions of joy or disgust. She knew that when I exclaimed, "Thank goodness!" or "Atta-boy," some show had gotten a good notice and when I said, "Oh, you old killjoy," or perhaps worse, then I was reading adverse criticisms and was suffering with the victim of them.

THE IDEAL COWHAND

An advertisement in the *Aztec* (N.M.) *Independent*, that I happened to come across, ran: "WANTED—I want a cowhand who knows cows and is not under 35 years old nor over 90. One who drinks, smokes, swears, tells the truth and hates sheep herders. An experienced tracker, familiar with the high mesas and deep canyons, where there is no food or water. Am a hard cuss to work for; I expect a man to know more than a cow. No billiard-hall cowboys, church members or Mormons considered."

Sounded to me like a good job for Will Rogers.

THE ETERNAL QUESTION

Everybody these days jumps into print on the matter of marriage and divorce on the least provocation. Personally I am not in favor of divorce. I believe in a fight to a finish. But Weed Dickinson, of the *New York Morning Telegraph*, does look kindly on the matter of canceling contracts and his philosophy is amusing if not always convincing. A few things, which he advanced via his column as good grounds for divorce, were:

"(1) Justifiable insanity, which is what you get when the wife insists on crying because you do not remember seven or eight of the anniversaries you celebrated for one cause or another when engaged or first married. (2) Habitual relatives—not yours. (3) Assault and Flattery, which is what you get when you come home late, flattering yourself that you have gotten in without waking any one. (4) Continued and persistent lack of desertion. (5) Miscellaneous."

I wonder if Mr. Dickinson had seen that front-page story about the woman who offered to pay a hundred dollars a month for a husband. A good husband would have been worth it. Another lady, in a Chicago divorce case, stated that "man is the engine" and "woman is but the track." In that case I suppose an affinity is a side-track and a divorce a switch. Speaking of divorce, the legislature had

me scared for a while when it was dallying with that bill to compel women to pay alimony to their husbands. This thing of sex equality is all right—up to a certain point.

Mr. Dickinson forgot to mention the expenses of married life, as exemplified in the headline, which reported a family row as follows: "Costs Five Dollars to Hit Husband." And that probably didn't include the luxury tax. The men get revenge though as was shown by the story of the Cedar Rapids man who married the mother of his divorced wife. What a vindictive nature a man must have to go to such lengths to get even with his mother-in-law.

But any one who thinks there is no humor in marriage is mistaken. How about the woman who, according to the news topics, choked to death while laughing at her husband's joke? The funny part of it is that if she hadn't laughed he would probably have choked her to death anyway.

NEWSPAPER LANGUAGE

Newspapers may have their faults but I don't think one is that imputed to them by Alice Remsen in an editorial in the *New York Star* when she said:

"You play golf to exercise the muscles of your body. What do you do to exercise the muscles of your brain? What do you read? The daily papers?

That is all right. But the language of newspaperdom is not sufficient."

Miss Remsen has evidently never been around the city room when the paper has been scooped on a story, or up in the composing room when the boss came to remake a page or when some one was trying to slip an extra picture in the layout. If she had been she would know that the vocabulary of newspaperdom is not as inadequate as she thinks.

She went on to suggest the perusal of a few pages of H. G. Wells daily as good vocabulary-exercise. Fortunately I did not even have to cast aside my favorite paper in order to comply with this mandate for it so happened that Wells' History of the World was being published serially in its pages. Miss Remsen was right as far as this point was concerned for here are a few choice words culled from just one installment: vertebræ, palezoic, fossiliferous, amphibiousness, mesozoic, viviparous, mammalia, eocene, differentiating, eohippus, titanotherium, perihelion, elliptical, pleistocene, diminuendo, graminivorous and uintatheres.

Look 'em up, yourself!

WANTED TO EXCHANGE: Three million copies of poems on courage for one deck of cards to play solitaire.

Chapter XVI

MY PROFESSIONS

PLAY, NOT WORK

The man or woman who is pitchforked into uncongenial work is sincerely to be pitied—and I have no sympathy coming on that score whatsoever. I was born into the amusement world and in my veins coursed printer's ink so it is no wonder that I have been in love with my work, whether it was the duties of a reporter or the rush of a theatrical press agent's existence. If I had my career to reset I wouldn't make a single revision in the whole galley.

THE FOURTH ESTATE

My first work was in the newspaper business and the Fourth Estate is a hard taskmaster. The hours are long, the responsibilities many and heavy, the nerves are under a continual strain and the pay is small compared to the amount of intelligence and initiative demanded. But there are other compensations than salary. The newspaper worker enjoys a camaraderie and gets a satisfaction from his labors, known to few other professions. Never a day goes



Thornton Fisher

Mr. Fisher's impression of me in action as a circus press agent.

by that the job does not pay a large bonus in human understanding, one that the most concrete-hearted cashier can never hold out on. It is worth some sacrifice to be one of those who blow back the plush of life and look at the seams.

THE PRESS AGENT

Nowadays one hears press agents called by many titles. They have become directors of publicity, heads of Bureaus of Information, Plenipotentiaries Extraordinary of Propaganda. But call them by whatever grandiose appellation they wish to assume, when their copy hits the editor's desk and he runs his cold and critical eye over it, he knows it comes from just plain press agents.

The man who erects a bridge gets a medal and a lot of invitations to speak before Rotary Clubs, and while the publicity agent is not accorded such high honors, he is just as much a builder as the engineer. He builds hopes, careers and ambitions. He is an apostle of progress, a stimulus to new ideas, an artistic and intellectual middleman. Whether he is calling attention to a show, a book or a cause he is always the creator of new demands, new thought-waves and new points of view. Always he brings out the best for the difference between exploiting and exposing is the difference between boosting and knocking.

No press agent need hang his head when the calling is mentioned. His is an ancient and noble lineage. Moses was the first advance agent as well as the founder of journalism when he led the children of Israel into the Promised Land and got out the two-page folder containing the ten commandments. Incidentally this has had a larger circulation than any herald ever gotten out since by all the rest of the encomium merchants put together. John the Baptist was an advance agent also, announcing the coming of the great Nazarene, and then like some of the rest of us, had his head chopped off when the show got over.

There has always been a difference of opinion as to the value of "stunting." Yet I cannot see why the stuntster should be reproached. Bernard Shaw says in one of his prefaces that he has acquired the habit of standing on his head in public in order to attract a crowd to listen to his real message. Cleopatra, the first feminine expert in this line was a stuntster when she scattered the roses before the Roman conqueror to attract his gaze to her own superior charms. Even so reverent a writer as Hall Caine says that Christ walked on the water and performed His other miracles in order to get the people to believe in Him and listen to His word.

After all, as Frank R. Fairchild says, "It is not so much what a man is or does that carves his name on the tablets of public memory or immortalizes his

record in the pages of history; it depends a great deal on whether or not he has had a good press agent. And all writers, whether they admit it or even realize it, are press agents. Barbara Frietchie, Evangeline, John Smith and dozens of others are instances to prove that people are remembered not because of their remarkable virtues or deeds but because they had good publicity promoters among the poets and imaginative historians.

"Every one is familiar with the famous midnight ride of Paul Revere, but few know the names of the other two men who rode that night to rouse the countryside with the news that the British were coming. There were three men waiting to see the signal hung in the tower of the Old North Church, every one of them mounted and spurred, just as Longfellow describes Paul Revere, one of the three. They all got the signal, they all rode like the wind and wakened the farmers, spreading the warning. Afterward one of them became governor of a state and another an officer in Washington's army. But not one in twenty thousand Americans ever heard the names of the other two men, while Paul Revere's Ride is a classic in every third reader in the land."

And the moral is: If you have a good press agent, it matters little who writes your biography.

UNDER SUSPICION

One of my best friends is Ada Patterson, the erudite newspaper woman and magazine writer. Her newspaper career began at fourteen and she has had many and varied assignments and experiences. She laughs about how she has been taken for a subpœna server, for a lunatic trying to escape from Bloomingdale, an actress, a "gold-digger" by an indignant subway ticket-seller, who resented having to change a dollar bill and said scathingly, "If you had to work for a living you'd know better." She survived it all, but her experience in the Women's Court at Jefferson Market Police Station almost proved the last straw.

Miss Patterson is the personification of dignity and conservatism in manner, speech and dress and it is not hard to imagine her embarrassment at the occurrence. Together with a prominent actress who wanted to study types, she visited the court while several of the fraternity of the sidewalk were being sentenced to Blackwell's Island. The matron invited the students of life to go upstairs to a part of the prison where the girls were waiting to be transferred. One girl tried to screen her face. Miss Patterson saw her and sent her a friendly smile. The girl smiled back and said: "Aint it hell? How long did you get?"

PLAYING THE HOME TOWN

Purple and fine linen are all very well on Fifth Avenue but occasionally they don't get the proper recognition in a newspaper office, as was admitted to me by O. O. McIntyre, who entertains readers in eighty cities with his daily New York letter. Mr. McIntyre at one time spent several weeks making a series of "personal appearances" in the cities where his articles appear. In Cincinnati he met by arrangement, Ray Long, editor of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, who was en route from the Pacific Coast.

Not so many years ago they had both been accustomed to blush weekly before the cashier's cage of a certain Cincinnati newspaper and so they descended on that shop during the afternoon. Mr. Long was in a swank English topcoat with huge leather buttons, a pearl-gray Homburg hat and spats. Mr. McIntyre wore an ulster that resembled a disappointed sunset, lemon-colored gloves and a cane with a loop handle. As they stepped into the business office, the cashier looked up and called out, "Hello! What are you boys advertising?" The two visitors decided to turn back before facing the printers, who have no mercy whatsoever.

ON THE MAILING LIST

If there had been a paper shortage during my four years in the hospital I wouldn't have been surprised if Congress had held me personally responsible. For when word of my illness got around to the papers I once worked on—and there are a great many of them—every one placed me on its mailing list. And then papers I hadn't worked on joined the throng. For a while I received every issue of every New York paper while other dailies all over the country started to come in. Almost every section of the United States and several foreign countries were represented and if I had only had the strength I could have conducted a very lucrative clipping bureau.

Magazines and other publications were not to be outdone either and every morning my room looked like the periodical department of the New York Public Library. Of course I had neither the time nor the strength to peruse them all and so with the exception of the theatrical papers I asked to have them all stopped. But I will always think most affectionately of the kindness that inspired the avalanche of newsprint.

A PRESS AGENT'S PLANT

I have heard of press agents' plants. In fact, I have even been accused of being the planter of a

few. But the first time I was ever a plantee, I found I highly approved of them. The news came in a letter, which said:

"At a meeting to-day of the New York Theatrical Press Representatives' Club a motion was made and unanimously carried to send you the loving greeting of this newly-formed organization and to let you know that its members, individually and collectively, are holding for you the earnest wish of restoration to perfect health and activity among us. To carry this message to you I was instructed to select a plant as a symbol of our New Year's greetings and of our wish for you as herein expressed. With the wish goes the faith that it will be fulfilled.

(Signed) "JULIA CHANDLER."

CIRCUS DAYS

If you were never with the circus,
Then you cannot understand,
What it means to an old trouper
To get lonesome for the band.

The first object of my affection in the amusement world was the circus, though the theater was my mature love. And the dashing posters that come with the fragrance of spring still fire my imagination and keep me young. My memory glows with tender thoughts of the days when there was fun in everything.

Though some newspaper writers have tried to make me a precocious equestrienne, my first and only

job with the circus was as a press agent, in the days when a girl press agent was as much of a curiosity as Barnum's "Zip." But I was satisfied then and am still that the circus people are real missioners. It is the universal touch of the circus that makes the world kin. It has no affinity with dialogue for a Chinaman can understand it as well as a bishop. It gives to human nature the spirit of spring. Youngsters chalk up the walls with the glad tidings, "Ten days more till Circus Day—Hoo-rah."

Most grown-ups feel just as did the editorial writer who said in the *New York Evening Mail:* "That man or woman who cannot enjoy watching the three rings through the eyes of a child is certainly to be pitied. The childlike emotions that 'grown-ups' sometimes conserve should be among their dearest possessions. One of the greatest of French poets, Paul Verlaine, wrote a lyric about a carrousel which began 'Tournez, tournez, mes chevaux de bois': 'Turn and turn my wooden horses.' In it he expressed a longing which may not have been far from the ideal which was expressed when we were all bidden 'to become as little children.' "

Other kinds of entertainment come and go, flare and fade, swell and recede; but the circus goes on forever, like Tennyson's brook. And as long as there are children to make and grace the world, this must be so.

VAUDEVILLE

The late B. F. Keith once referred to me as "the big sister of vaudeville." I treasure that title for no one knows better than I the fine sort of people who make up the wandering tribes of the two-a-day. And I am glad I have lived long enough to see the vaudeville artist raised from the ranks of the mountebanks to a social and financial equality with the best people of the land.

Some of the change in attitude was due to the kindness of the press, and much to the efforts of E. F. Albee, head of the B. F. Keith Circuit of theaters. The concrete evidence of the betterment in conditions is the four-million dollar clubhouse on West Forty-sixth Street in New York City, occupied by the National Vaudeville Artists' Club, which was sponsored by Mr. Albee.

It is one of the greatest comforts of my life, as I lie in my hospital room, to think that no one of the thousands who make up the profession that causes the world to laugh and to cry and forget its troubles fourteen times a week, need ever lie neglected and penniless in the public ward of a hospital or be buried in the Potter's Field. And besides the care and medical attention with which members in hospitals are provided, they also have friends, real friends, coming to see them often, bringing them flowers and attending to their little wants. In the

final analysis, to my way of thinking, this is the greatest of the many wonderful improvements in vaudeville that big-hearted men like E. F. Albee and his associates, with the coöperation of the artists and theatrical managers, have made possible.

It is the practical application of the good old Golden Rule to the everyday relationships of artist and manager. They now treat one another as human beings and not merely as "employer" and "employee." No one is any bigger than any one else in vaudeville to-day, excepting in the electric lights.

Vaudeville now has the highest-paid press agents in the world. But even these find it difficult to make the public at large understand the peculiar clannishness—the "home-townishness"—and the fine standards and ideals of these nomads of the theatrical world. They have their own history, their own legends, their own language and pass words. Always wandering, they are intensely home-loving and the first thing the young couple in vaudeville starts to save for is the farm on Long Island or some other place where they can spend a flying week-end or a few weeks' vacation. Vaudeville babies are sent to good schools, while their photographs travel from San Francisco to New York, from Maine to Florida. It is a race apart but one whose contribution to the joy of the world has yet to be fully summed up.

A PIECE OF CHEESE

The thoughtfulness in my behalf of the late William Stuart, assistant secretary of the N. V. A., once brought upon his head, first a storm of wrath and then a shower of laughter. He was approached by Henry Chesterfield, secretary, and asked in no mild terms what he meant by a notation on his desk—"Nellie Revell—a piece of cheese."

When Mr. Stuart had recovered from a paroxysm of laughter he explained that he had been down to see me, and I had asked for a piece of cheese to bait a mousetrap. And that was his memorandum.

RESOLVED: I APPRECIATED IT

Almost every professional organization with which I had anything in common remembered me at their meetings and often notified me of resolutions, mostly to the effect that I had been in bed long enough and so they were going to get me an alarm clock—or something.

Some of them went further as in the case of one clown night at the N. V. A. Ed Gallagher and Al Shean had been giving a spirited rendition of their well-known ditty—and then in the last verse they told every one how much they wanted to see me up once more. On another occasion Ernest Ball, while giving a concert in a mid-West city, where I had

many friends, changed the last words of his final chorus of *Mother Machree* to "God bless you and keep you, Nellie Revell."

Other organizations that officially remembered me were the Lions' Club, whose flowers came to me once a week; the Professional Women's League; the Rainy Day Club, of which I was not a member; the Friars' Club; the Lambs' Club; the New York Newspaper Women's Club; the New York Press Club; the New York Theatrical Press Representatives' Club; the Drama Comedy Club; the Broadway Merchants' Association; the Motion Picture Press Agents' Club; the Motion Picture Operators' Union; and the Stage Hands' Union.

If I had to go through four years of hell to show people what a wonderful profession the stage is, I am glad to have done it. And I am glad also that I was the one picked to do it. However, I am not taking any of the credit for all the kindnesses I have received. It has been due entirely to the spirit of a great profession.

THE ACTORS' FUND

The men and women of the profession are not immune to the misfortunes of life and not all of them have been blessed with intimates to aid them in their hour of need. But there is another unfailing friend that never turns a deaf ear to the cry of distress. It is the Actors' Fund.

The Fund is supported in various ways but mainly by memberships in and out of the profession. Thousands of dollars pass through the hands of the treasurer every year but there is always a need for more. It takes much money to support the Actors' Fund Home down on Staten Island where the men and women of the stage who have passed their era of usefulness live the last years of their earthly rôle comfortably and free from care. In addition to the home, there are scores of individuals scattered throughout the country who are supported in quiet, private places as they watch the sunset of life.

The head of the Actors' Fund organization is Daniel Frohman, who has held that position for many years. It is the nearest interest to his heart and he gives great stretches of his valuable time to its government, as do many other men of affairs in the theatrical world. Only the executive secretary and his stenographer receive salaries and nine-tenths of every dollar in the Fund is expended directly for welfare work. But the other workers get a reward too—in the satisfaction that comes from doing a good deed well.

ACTOR FOLK

Shelley said that only he to whom misery is always misery can ever be a prophet and a teacher. Thus it is not surprising that the stage has always been a

pulpit for the people of that world know struggle and sacrifice in the prologues of their careers and oftentimes they must respeak the same lines before the final curtain of their lives. And in dealing with others they rarely forget the lessons of their own hardships. It would be difficult to match, among any other class of people, their quick sympathy, their generosity, their untiring efforts to aid those less fortunate, by means of benefits, charities and drives of all sorts.

Their charity, as it should, begins at home, but it does not end there. The Actors' Fund, the National Vaudeville Actors' Club and the Catholic Actors' Guild are samples of their organized benevolence but besides these there are hundreds of instances of the successful reaching a helping hand to those who are needy, instances of which the world never hears.

As for myself, I have found such splendor of sympathy, such deep-hearted devotion on the part of the people of the theater since my illness that my best efforts fail to express my gratitude and love for them. But whoever looks into my heart will see there a special shrine for the men and women of the World of Make Believe.

PICTURES ON THE WALL

Who but thinks of the walls of one's room as the fortress against the outside world? Yet mine have

been the means of letting that very outside world in, of bringing it to me. On those expanses many of the world's wonders have shown for a moment, many strangers from strange lands have come to visit me, to smile on me from the shadows, and many dear friends of the theater who have deserted Broadway for Hollywood have brought happiness to me in their fleeting likenesses. Those walls, during the past four years, have served as a stage for nearly every prominent player in the American theater.

In the days when I was held rigid for weeks at a time, when it was a severe strain to read a newspaper or a book, I was yet able to see motion pictures in my room. The evenings set aside for the films were memorable. There were no startling stage effects to heighten the illusion and no great overture by a symphony orchestra of a hundred pieces. The only prologue was my own anticipation. No dancing and singing acts were interpolated into my private film show. But I did not need them. I knew the tones of the voices of the players and they were almost audible to me.

There was none of the atmosphere to be found in the great cinema palaces of Broadway and State Street. No neatly-uniformed ushers patrolled the thickly-carpeted aisles. But there was one consolation—at my theater there was no jamming at the box office nor crowds in line waiting for the second show to start. And when the show was over I didn't

have to ride home in the subway. It was the show that had to do it.

THE ENSEMBLE

The words "chorus girl" evoke in the average mind outside the profession visions of limousines, diamonds, gorgeous furs, champagne parties and wealthy admirers. In the minds of those who are "in the know," the phrase brings a picture of weeks of rehearsals without pay, long railroad travel, wretched hotels and innumerable other discomforts, suffered for the sake of a praiseworthy ambition and a desire to earn an honest income.

In view of the fact that lobster palaces still flourish on Broadway, I do not deny that among the sisters of the chorus there are those who obtain luxuries and champagne suppers by various means, any more than I would deny that there are stenographers and nurses and factory girls who do the same. I have met girls of many classes and I have come to the conclusion that girls are girls no matter what circles of society they move in. It is high time that professional Puritans understand this, even though they are reluctant to admit it.

The number of girls with long engagements in New York—the sort always pictured in the sybaritic stories of stage life—is trifling compared to those

who "go on the road" and live on small salaries. Yet look at those of either class leaving the stage door and you will see very little evidence of a shameful prosperity. They present no vision other than that of hard-working girls in self-bought clothing.

It has been given to me to know almost more about these girls than their own mothers for in my numerous connections with musical shows I was the repository of their true confidence, and I know that they average no more alloy than any other class of human beings. In fact if the rest of the world assayed as high a per cent of true humanity toward one another there would be a lot fewer things for the reformers to pass blue-laws against.

THE GIRL WHO'S MISUNDERSTOOD

The church folk sneer at the chorus girl and call her a thing of shame,
And they hem and haw in their holy awe at the very sound of her name;
They are bound to state the lady's fate was shaped by the devil's hand,
So they pass her by with a dread "Oh, My!" for they just don't understand.

The path they tread is a narrow one, and their world is a little place,
For they judge a soul and its future goal by the smile of a pretty face;

And it's their belief that a crowning grief and the pain of
an aching heart,
Do not belong to the girl of song who struggles from them
apart.

So the righteous world with its heavy pride strides haughtily
on its way;
It fears to go where the calciums glow, for what would the
neighbors say?
So it turns its head, in its Christian dread, and pockets its
helping hand;
But 'twill ever be through eternity, for the world can't
understand.

—W. Dayton Wegefarth.
(By permission George W. Jacobs & Co.)

RELIGION AND THE THEATER

"Do you theatrical people pray?" was the question put to me by one of the most sophisticated nurses I ever met. She was not a student and was far from an uneducated girl. On the contrary she had graduated from the nursing course and had charge of a hall filled with patients. I inquired if she were asking that seriously. She replied that she was and repeated the question. I told her yes, but that most of us book direct and that I could find as much religion and humanity behind any drop curtain in the world as in any religious institution in the world. I suggested that she drop into St. Malachi's Church on East Forty-third Street any Sunday at

eleven o'clock, or attend services at the Morosco Theater any Wednesday noon or Sunday morning. It is appalling how many still believe that theatrical people are all "Haythen Chinee" as Bret Harte had it.

EVOLUTION OF BURLESQUE

In the days when pictures of May Howard, Florence Miller and Pauline Batchelder were slipped into cigarette packages along with those of Pauline Hall, Richard Mansfield and Fanny Herring, burlesque was just emerging from the Western mining camps. What is now vaudeville was then called "variety" and the players in the "honky-tonks" in the West were burlesquers out there and variety performers when they played Tony Pastor's.

At that time attendance at a burlesque show was a distinct adventure for the man with any pretensions to social recognition. But just the same Dad had the habit of sneaking off one night a week, to come home reeking of poor beer and pipe smoke, and always wore a shamefaced look to the office the next day. And son would casually absent himself from school one afternoon every so often and climb to the gallery of the same burlesque house. All that mother knew about burlesque was that it was something for men—just as she knew that Gargling Oil, in yellow wrappers, was exclusively for beasts.

But twenty years ago when nobody thought of going to the bench or into the President's cabinet for some one to reform an industry, burlesque sat down in a serious circle and thought things over. The men that controlled burlesque had but one conference and the result of that discussion was the appointment of a man from their midst to control its destinies. It was Samuel A. Scribner, who is still burlesque's mentor and governor.

Burlesque—Columbia burlesque—has purged itself from within. Dad no longer has to "sneak away" to the show these days. He takes mother and the "kids" along, for burlesque is clean.

THE WOUNDED

Whatever else the theater may be, it is at least human. It cares for its own. Whenever I found myself yielding to an attack of self-pity, I thought of the boys who got their wounds doing some real good in the world and who are still lying in casts and braces in hospitals far away from home and friends. Then I would hate myself for my impatience and begin wishing I could divide some of my comforts and luxuries with them. This is not treason but it does seem to me that the theater takes better care of its wounded than this republic of the people does.

AND THE WOMEN PAID

That this manuscript got to the printer in any form other than my own Egyptian hieroglyphics is due to the thoughtfulness of the women who compose the Drama Comedy Club. Some months before I had completed it there arrived by messenger a roll of bills, amounting to $106, and around them was wrapped this note:

"The members of the Drama Comedy Club want to see that book of yours out soon so here is the stuff that settles the stenographer's bills. Each of us wants to feel that she has paid for the typing of at least a couple of pages."

It was a kindly deed and it is needless to say that it was appreciated fully as much by the printer as by myself.

FOR MY BENEFIT

One of the favorite themes for discussion among those who write things they can tack morals to, has always been the heartlessness of Broadway. It is a great life, they say, as long as your bankroll doesn't weaken and they contend that the number of one's friends is dictated by the willingness and ability to pay the check. If that is so I have never known their Broadway and I have prided myself on knowing that street from Park Row to Harlem.

It was my Broadway that sponsored the Nellie Revell Testimonial of July 11, 1920, in New York, and that of July 4, 1920, in Chicago. When I get out of here and once more am a tax-payer in Welldom, I hope to be a wage-earner. I always was one until cast for a hospital rôle. Then I may be able to discharge all my financial obligations. That is my earnest goal. But there are greater debts that money cannot liquidate and those I owe to the men and women who gave their time and efforts toward making my testimonials the largest ever held in the history of the theatrical industry.

On the committee of the New York testimonial were: Sam H. Harris, E. F. Albee, Abraham Levy, George M. Cohan, Arthur Hopkins, Archie Selwyn, Lee Shubert, A. H. Woods, Henry W. Savage, A. L. Erlanger, Percy G. Williams, John Ringling, William A. Brady, Morris Gest, Marc Klaw, Harold Orlob, Richard Herndon, William Oviatt, Martin Herman, Louis Wiswell, John Pollock, Walter Kingsley, Arthur Hammerstein, Nora Bayes, Blanche Ring, Edward Darling, Jenie Jacobs, Pat Casey, Bertha Gross, Daniel McCarthy, Harry Weber, Charles Bird, Jules Murry, C. F. Zittel, Marcus Loew, John Golden, William Harris, Joseph Schenck and Lawrence Weber. With Edward Wallace Dunn, Bide Dudley and Agnes Grosvenor Ayres doing the publicity work, I am sure no other show ever received better press representation.

The list of those who sold the programs, under the direction of Bijou Fernandez, reads like a feminine Who's Who. It included Mae Boley, Vera Bloom, Geraldine Bergh, Frankie Bailey, Frances Carson, Clay Carroll, Florence Fair, Hedda Hopper, Jeannette Lowrie, Clara Louise Moores, Mrs. Dodson Mitchell, Queenie Smith, Myrtle Tannehill, Mrs. Harold Vosburgh and Mrs. Charles Willard.

The program that night was one that could not have been matched at any other theater in the country. Julius Tannen served as master of ceremonies and on the bill were Nora Bayes, George White, Ann Pennington, Louis Holtz and thirty girls from George White's *Scandals of 1920*, Jane and Katherine Lee, Frank Tinney and Louise Allen in a comedy skit from *Tickle Me*, Eddie Cantor, Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby in *Beau Brummells of the Stage*, Mlle. Dazie, Patti Harold in the *Alice Blue Gown* number from *Irene* with Harry Tierney at the piano, Blanche Ring, Charles Winninger, Ray Dooley, George McKay and Rene Riano from *The Honey Girl*, Van and Schenck, Louise Groody and Wellington Cross from *The Night Boat*, Juliet the *One Girl Revue*, Savoy and Brennan, John Steel, Pat Rooney and Band, Stella Mayhew and Billie Taylor, Nan Halperin, Charles "Chic" Sale, and "Pee Wee" Myers and Ford Hanford.

At the suggestion of Sam H. Harris, my old friend J. J. Rosenthal, now deceased, arranged the Chi-

cago testimonial performance a week earlier. The amusement menu there was another list of stars, comprising as it did Edmund Breese, Four Haley Sisters, Avon Comedy Four, Ted Lewis and his Jazz Band, Al Herman, Katherine Osterman, Jack Osterman, Six Brown Brothers, Grace DeMar, Winona Winter, Jay Gould, Bill Pruitt, Frisco and Loretto McDermott, Miller and Mack, Nan Halperin, Four Marx Brothers, Felix Adler, George Sidney, Sara Padden, Frank DeVoe, Tex Austin and his Cowboys, Harry Morton and Zelda Russell.

THE GAME OF LIFE

Life is a game of whist; from unseen sources
The cards are shuffled and the hands are dealt.
Blind are our efforts to control the forces,
That, though unseen, are not less strongly felt.
I do not like the way the cards are shuffled;
But still I like the game and want to play.
Thus through the long, long night will I unruffled,
Play my hand until the break of day.

—ANONYMOUS.

Chapter XVII

PERPENDICULARLY SPEAKING

THE FORMULA

Montaigne it was, I believe, who said that there is no place in literature for the personal pronoun. But Montaigne never had to write on his chest to pay hospital bills. And, in addition, in Euclid there is stated a theorem to the effect that the best way to get a right angle is to bisect a horizontal line with a perpendicular line. Having been in a horizontal position for four years, I take this opportunity to speak with the perpendicular pronoun and I hope the process will produce the right angle.

WITHOUT CREED

Whether Conan Doyle, Sir Oliver Lodge or others are right about the hereafter I know not. Neither do I question Seneca, Plato, Socrates, Aristotle or any of the others in their attempt to explain the riddle of life. But this I do know, that Shakespeare is right when he says, "There is a destiny that shapes our ends, roughhew them as we will." And if one will only be kind in thought, word and deed he will

approach more closely every day his true end. But keep the Golden Rule and all the religions, dogmas, isms and cults in the world cannot do more for us.

MY ASSIGNMENT

The task of getting well I have regarded as an assignment, as it is called in newspaper circles—one given me by the Divine City Editor, and one I meant to stick to until I got the story or the "Chief" called me in. Since I was willing to trust my soul to God for all eternity, I felt I would be a poor sport were I afraid to trust Him with this chunk of clay for the few short years we spend on earth.

Cases like mine reminded me of when, during my trouping days, we had to wait in depots for trains that were delayed on account of washouts up the road. Some of us walked the depot platform like caged lions, and inquired every fifteen minutes at the ticket office for news of the train. Eventually the train came along. They always do. And it would have come just as soon had we sat in the depot and quietly read the paper. Our impatience did not make it come any the sooner, even made the wait seem longer.

That is exactly what every sick person is doing. We are just waiting. The train to Wellville has been delayed up the line, but the wrecking crew is on the job, the bad tracks will soon be mended and

we will climb aboard and continue our journey on through life, looking back at illness as just a temporary inconvenience—just a washout up the road.

THE GUILTY FEELING

She called me brave! It was a letter from Mary Moore, the actress, young, gifted, attractive, popular, and with everything to make her happy, until the unfortunate accident in which she sustained a broken neck. Her recovery was slow and one day after a fit of depression, she wrote to tell me an article of mine had helped her to carry on.

The guiltiest feeling imaginable comes over me whenever I receive such a letter, telling me that by my example I have helped others to bear their burdens. I was not always courageous. I frequently submerged. No one would have called me brave had they known how many times, while lying motionless, looking at the gas fixture, I wondered if it would be possible for me to turn the gas on. But always the humor of it struck me, for if I had been able to reach that gas jet, I would have had no reason for turning it on.

Neither had any one heard of how, when the nurse gave me veronal tablets to induce sleep, I used to secrete one out of every dose, knowing that if the first did not take effect, she would give me more later on. The store, tucked in the corner of

my handkerchief and hidden in the top of the brace I wore, grew as the weeks went on for I intended to accumulate enough to end it all. And then something happened that made me want to live.

It had been a drearily-long and painful day and the night promised to be no less so. As the darkness crept into the room I felt it settling down on my mind, pressing in on my heart and I knew my grasp on life was slipping. Far in the distance, it seemed, I could hear the nurses tiptoeing around and the doctors whispering. The pain eased and that I knew was a sure sign of the approach of the Dark Angel. But I welcomed his advent and I feared even to move, lest I bring back the pain. Then out of the haze that surrounded me came a voice that I knew, the voice of Abe Levy.

"Nellie," it called. "Nellie, didn't you say you owed your life to your friends?"

"Yes," I murmured and at the word "friends" some of my strength seemed to return.

"Then your friends want it," came back the answer. "Your friends want it. You must not give up."

Many times after that I had sinking-spells but never again did I give in to them. For I owed my life to my friends—and I had no right to let go of it.

MY BIT

To make myself worthy of my friends, I tried to make the fight as they would have had me. But they only heard and saw one side of my campaign. When they came in to see me I laughed and joked about my misfortune because I knew if I cried my visitors would cease coming. They might continue sending me things and doing nice things for me—would pray for me and root for me because they were the most wonderful people in the world—but they would not come to see me as often if I cried as when I laughed. I was selfish enough to want them to keep coming. Incidentally I realized that since every one had done their share toward helping me it would not be "shootin' square" for me to send folks away from the hospital with a mental picture of a suffering, depressed and broken-spirited woman.

PAID IN FULL

For many years I have been red-lighted from the lots of active life, having been forced by circumstances to route over a different territory, and for the last four years my sleeper, my pad-room, big-top, kid-top, my winter quarters and even my cook house have been a hospital room. But no matter what vicissitudes I have experienced, no matter what I have lost through the blow-down I was in, nothing

can deprive me of the circus memories that I treasure.

I find a parallel in the story of the old colored man who had saved all year for his annual visit to the circus. At length the day rolled around and he set out for town in a shiny, bulging frock coat and a beaver hat that showed the ravages of many years. With him he took his entire fortune, the savings of a whole year, and thrilled with the thought of the show, the gallons of pink lemonade and the yards of hot dogs that the money would pay for.

However, on his arrival at the show ground he dallied, not wisely, but too credulously, with the men who managed to live on one little pea and three empty shells the season through. After the usual preliminary luck the old negro enriched their pockets by the total sum of his savings, and was forced to walk back home without a glimpse of the big show, a taste of lemonade or the smallest bite of "sawsages."

When he reached his little settlement the envious gathered around him to inquire about the wonders of which they had heard so much. He was unable to tell them anything except that a white gentleman had been so kind as to let him try to guess under which shell a little pea had its abode and that, no matter what he guessed, the pea was always elsewhere. And he hadn't seen the show, nor tasted the lemonade nor enjoyed the much-craved frankfurters.

"Dey done cheated you, uncle," spoke up one of the younger sophisticates, who had been "taken" the same way the year before.

"Nor, suh," said the old man, "Ah won some money at fust an' dey didn't mind dat a bit. Ah was pow'ful lucky fo' a while; den mah luck tu'n an' dat white man won. I neveh did see a man so lucky befo'."

"Lucky nothin'. Dey done took yoh money," persisted the man of the world. "An' dey didn't even leave you 'nough to see de show, nor buy nothin' to eat an' drink. Dey jus' done took eveh'thing away fum you."

"Mebbe so, mebbe so," replied the half-convinced Uncle Mose, "but dey wuz one thing dey couldn't take away fum me. Ah done hear dat lion roah."

That's the way I feel about having been put on a siding by the great Transportation Master. I have had four years of rain, wet lots, long hauls, short tips, bad fixing and many squawks. And if fate never permits me to get off the ly-by I now occupy, the world owes me nothing. I have given it a receipt in full. "Ah done hear dat lion roah," and all of life's crooked dice can't take that away from me.

NOT A DOORMAT

However, I made the resolve early that the next sob sister that exploited me as a Pollyanna on ac-



Photo by Charles Curtis

1922: Taken three years after Mr. Flagg's sketch, by my old-time photographer friend, Charles Curtis. The improvement I had made is clearly indicated and the secret of it all is disclosed also. The pad on my chest—where much of this book was written—had as much to do with my recovery as my doctors. Blessed work!

count of my smile was going to be sued for libel. The world's interpretation of a Pollyanna is a saccharine, "she who gets slapped" sort of person, who lets some one make a doormat of her and then thinks it is all for the best.

If any one thought I had acquired one of those martyred, resigned-to-my-fate dispositions, they should have been present sometime when I was being enveloped in a new concrete jacket. A timid, all-right-whatever-you-say person would not have been here to write the tale and if I was brave it was because I had to be. There was no alternative. I could not walk out on the rôle, for I was too thoroughly entrenched in the cast. In fact I was the plot of the piece.

But I had not absorbed so much religion that I wouldn't protest if conditions justified it. True, I had learned to be more patient, more tolerant than I once was and I had better and wider understanding of human nature.

But I was no angel. When anything happened to disturb me, I could still express my disapproval in most convincing terms. And when I was in pain I made no secret of it. When the doctor hurt me, I said "Ouch" just like everybody else and when he hurt me a whole lot I sometimes said more, "even as you and they." And when the hurt got so hurty that it seemed I could not stand it, I yelled. It didn't do much good and it didn't stop them from

hurting me again, but I did it on purpose just so no one could possibly mistake me for a Pollyanna.

WHY I FOUGHT

In fact I often did the very thing which good, little Pollyannas never do. I fought and fought hard and as a result some of the nurses, who tended me, considered me one of the most impatient patients they had ever met. Never, however, was I irritable because I disliked them or just for the sake of being irritable. One of the excuses I heard made for my crossness was that being afflicted so long made any one hard to get along with. That was only partly so in my case, for I purposely became irritable trying to get up enough fight to rout the depression.

My method I kept a secret until the day Dr. George D. Stewart asked me to tell him how I kept my nerve up to such a high pitch.

"And," he said to me, "I hope you will tell me how you do it. There are many others who could benefit by the knowledge."

Some people, I told him, are like the little boy who fights best when he cries, but if there was one thing that would have dragged me below the surface it was the sob-act. So whenever I felt cry-ey I looked for something to fight about on the theory that the person with a good fight on his hands hasn't time for self-pity.

Sometimes I fought because the coffee on the dinner-tray was not boiling, sometimes because it was; sometimes because my window was up and sometimes because it was down; sometimes because my egg was soft, sometimes because it was hard. Mostly the things I quarrelled about were trivial; occasionally they were real grievances, but at no time did I feel any compunction about the trouble I stirred up. Had I condoned mistakes, it would have broken down my resistance and I would have found myself making excuses for letting down on my morale, the very thing I had to avoid.

During this process of whistling in the dark to keep my courage up, it is probable I taxed the patience of some of my nurses rather severely, but most of them seemed to know that to keep my resistance above the freezing point took a lot of hot water. Whatever their reaction may have been to my scheme, I hope that when they read this they will realize it was only my way of carrying on.

TREES

Strangely enough, though most of my life has been spent in the Loop of Chicago or on the Rialto of New York, one of the things I most missed seeing in the hospital was the fresh green of trees. When one is spinning along on some nice, smooth road or flying past aboard some luxurious railroad train or

tramping through the woods, one is apt to forget to thank God for trees. Joyce Kilmer was philosopher as well as poet when he penned:

"I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree;
A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;
A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair,
Upon whose bosom snow has lain,
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree."

I SHOULD WORRY

Although I was suffering a few inconveniences, at least I didn't have to worry, like my actor friends, about where I was going the next week. I had a pretty definite route and while there might have been a few "cut" weeks there were no lay-offs. And not doing any traveling, I didn't have to bother about railroad fares.

My wardrobe didn't cause me any anxiety. I didn't have to order my own meals and I didn't wonder what I'd have for dinner. I already knew it would be spinach. I always got the very best

able in the operating room with a nice, large spotlight over it.

Neither did I have to fret about some one stealing my act. No one wanted it. Nor worry for fear something would happen to my automobile for I had been forced to sell it long before.

I didn't even have to think about the income tax. And I must have been making good for I came for only two weeks and was held over for four years. And, as the doorman said to Jack Lait about me, "She brought a lot of carriage trade to the hospital."

FOR A RAINY DAY

Lying in the hospital, seeing so many transferred from private room to public ward, the crying need of insurance comes home to me more strongly every day. It would be so easy to take advantage of it. Those who work hard for good salaries are entitled to live well and dress well, but it would be a matter of only one dress less, one gay party less a year to insure that they continue to live well and dress well, come what fortune may.

If every one would secure a disability policy, the action would automatically eliminate almost all poorhouses, orphan asylums, public hospital wards and potters' fields. It would seem that if the legislatures are empowered to pass laws regulating what

we eat, drink and see in the theaters they ought to be able to pass one more law, making insurance compulsory, thus prohibiting poverty.

It might be a sacrifice for some people to make the payments on insurance policies, but, if they cannot afford them, how can they afford to be without them. We have to do something for a rainy day besides buy umbrellas.

HONK! HONK!

Once I took my car to a garage to have a slight repair made and there found out it had so many things the matter with it, I wondered how it ever held together. That is exactly what happened to my physical chassis. When it got stalled by the mishap to my carburetor and I had to be towed to the human garage for repairs, I had no idea it would be so long before I was again stepping on the accelerator. Nor did I suspect that the medico-mechanics could possibly find so many things wrong with my differential, ignition and lubricating system.

Thank Heaven my spark plug again began to function and that my shock absorbers remained in good condition. Otherwise I do not know what would have happened during the remodeling of my tonneau. There were times when I came near being ditched, but happily the dangerous curves in the

road were passed safely. As soon as my transmission gets O.K. again, my radiator returns to normal and my storage battery is fully charged I mean to attach the non-skids and sail up Broadway with the gas wide open and every cylinder working. So don't be scared when I appear. It's only me and please excuse my dust.

Chapter XVIII

REMINISCENT

THE LONG VACATION

One thing that has come home to me while I lay here is that any time we imagine for a moment that we cannot be spared in our work, we are riding for a fall. For nine years before coming to the hospital I had not taken a vacation. I thought I could not afford it for I had large financial responsibilities. As a result of this long-continued grind I was in bed four years and spent many thousands more than I earned by my overzealousness. It didn't pay.

A NEW ANGLE

The realization came too that when I had been well, I had been almost over-particular. When I was traveling I insisted upon a room with southern exposure and refused to take any other, even for the week-end. Then for four years I was in a room with northern exposure and survived the experience. I once thought I was abused if I couldn't get a taxi-cab and had to walk to the train. But I determined that when I got out of the hospital walking would



Will B. Johnstone

As Mr. Johnstone recalls my farewell to the big tops.

be my favorite sport. I was annoyed if my dresses were not comfortable but none of them was so uncomfortable as the outfit made of leather, iron and plaster-of-Paris that I wore in the hospital. Talk about costumes by the Fuller Construction Company!

OTHERS WORSE OFF

"Do you think I'm happy?" as the late-lamented Joe Welch used to say in opening his monologue. I was far from it. I was not having half the fun in the hospital that my mental flip-flops might have led others to believe. Those who know me can hardly imagine me convulsed with joy at having to lie on my back all done up like Joan of Arc, staring at the ceiling of a sunless room for four years. The only outside views of life I had were through a window which overlooked some factories and wholesale houses.

But there was one other thing to be seen through the window and whenever I felt myself yielding to an attack of self-pity I looked at it—the flag atop the Fourteenth Street Armory. The sight of it made me think of those boys who got their wounds doing some real good for the world and are still in casts and braces on hospital cots, far from home and friends. When I compared my lot with theirs it made me hate my impatience and wish I could divide

some of my luxuries and comforts with them. It wasn't treason—but it seemed to me that the theatrical folk were taking better care of their wounded than the government was.

THE FLOWER SHOW

Speaking of luxuries, I received flowers galore during my illness. It was interesting to note that styles in floral gifts change just as much as fashions in clothes. Years ago a few flowers in a vase were considered a splendid tribute but now each new season brings novelties that reflect positive genius.

The florists try to disguise each flower as much as possible, which reminds me of the day I had five different kinds of spring flowers in my room. Three of them I suspected of being respectively sweet peas, pansies and tulips but the other two stumped me. One bunch looked like a spring bonnet, and the other consisted of chris-something-mums. I wrote and asked Nora Bayes why she hadn't ordered roses for me—they were so much easier to spell. She wired back: "Don't spell 'em; just smell 'em."

SUNK

Years ago when I migrated to New York I unpacked my suitcase in a third-rate hotel, and started to look up acquaintances. I had many of them in

the city but did not know the names of the streets and the telephone exchanges were all strange and hard to memorize. So when I was conversing over the telephone and getting addresses and numbers in that way I often committed them to the wallpaper near the instrument.

One evening I returned to my room to dress for a dinner at the home of some one I was most anxious to visit and found that in my absence painters and paperhangers had been busy removing every vestige of a memorandum while redecorating the walls. Talk about being sunk without warning! Gone was the telephone number and street address of my prospective hostess and as she was not listed in the book my predicament was acute. It was exasperating but it cured me of using the wallpaper as a memo pad.

While in the hospital I had a somewhat similar experience. I had great difficulty in keeping letters containing addresses and other information. After I once laid them down on the table near my bed I could never tell when I would meet them again. Nurses are no respecters of routes and numbers and when they come in with a dust cloth they sweep everything before them.

I tried having a pencil and pad attached to the head of my bed but they were so hard to reach that it involved ringing for a nurse every time I wanted to copy an address. So I conceived the idea of

making notes on the cast which encased my diaphragm and approached my chin. Various and sundry addresses, telephone numbers and other data did I commit to it until the day the doctor decided my cast should be reinforced at the particular spot where it was most convenient for me to scribble.

They trundled me into the composing room, as the operating room should be called, and there swathed me in long, wide, gooey bandages, wet with plaster-of-Paris. When I came to I found I had lost Trixie Friganza's route, a week of Blanche Ring's one-night stands, Zelda Sears' telephone number, three books I wanted, four words I meant to look up and three ideas for stories. And this wasn't one of them.

MY FAVORITE PASTIME

Newspapers frequently quote people as saying that their favorite recreation is work. I must confess that I was more or less skeptical as to the sincerity of such statements. Forced to work all my life and the sole support of a family before I was twenty, I could hardly conceive of any one working who did not have to. Now I appreciate what a life-saver work is. Next to health, there is no greater blessing. It cures ills of every nature; it is a balm for every woe.

THE FIRST CHECK

Some day I may have money enough to entitle me to go to Philadelphia and laugh at the mint. Some day I may even have money enough to tip a head-waiter as much as he thinks he ought to get. But when that day comes the thrill won't begin to measure up to the one I got a year and a half ago when there arrived a little slip of paper bearing the once-familiar words, "Pay to the order of."

It was the first of its kind in over two years. For twenty-four long months I had been out of commission in a hospital room, every day seeing "life, liberty and try to balance your bank-account" drifting farther away. Then came that oblong of paper, the like of which goes the rounds by the millions, never exciting more than transitory interest in those who give and receive. I had signed and gotten them by the thousands myself. But none of them, even my first as a writer, represented one-hundredth as much as did this one. And probably its sender, Sime Silverman, doesn't realize to this moment that my recovery dated from its receipt.

It meant the self-respect that comes from the ability to pay one's way, it meant a rebirth into the blessed, workaday world, it meant that once again I could pass on the thoughts and experiences of two years with nothing else to do but explore the cran-

nies of the soul. It was more than money; it was a direct wire between me and hope, it was proof, if I needed any more, that the world is full of kindness and love and helpfulness.

That check I couldn't bear to cash. It would have seemed like sacrilege to consider it on a mere commercial basis, like sacrificing the child that had come in the darkest hour, amid travail and sorrow, upon the altar of a commonplace financial transaction. Finally there came the necessity of turning it into money, but through the thoughtfulness of friends who knew how much I valued it, I regained the paper and have it still.

A BOW

Not until I had attempted to engage a stenographer to help me on this book did I realize what a blessing it was to work with people who talk "your language," who understand what you mean when you're not quite sure of it yourself and who know enough about your work to catch you when you slip. Writing calls for the expenditure of much nervous energy and had I been forced to waste my already depleted store in explaining matters to my co-workers I would have had little left for the actual labor. As I have explained previously these pages are made up in great part of material written for my two columns and a goodly part of what excellence it has

is due to the devoted efforts of two fellow-toilers in the vineyard of printers' ink.

So here's a bow to Betty Brown of *Variety* and another to Mike o' the *Mail*, whose other name is Rabuffo. How fortunate I was to have those two come down to read my funny scribbling and put my copy in shape for the Mergenthaler. To them be half the glory and half the blame for inflicting this work upon an indulgent public.

GHOSTS OF MY PAST

Being interviewed as to how it feels to be ill four seasons or how I kept my spirits up was a frequent occurrence and in the course of the stories I was quoted and misquoted on every subject from the surtax to birth control. But I had a good laugh and yet was much flattered on one day receiving a letter from the editor of a magazine called *School Days*, devoted to the spiritual and intellectual training of the young. He requested an article from me dealing with my experiences and giving advice to school children.

It sounded like retribution. Ghosts of my past dangled ironically before me. There came memories of the times I had helped kids play "hooky" to go fishing, taught them how to make and hold bean-shooters, held big brothers while the younger ones fought it out between themselves. Many a time I

had pulled up the sidewall of the circus tent to let the youngsters steal in to see the show.

One instance I recall was with the Sells-Floto Circus. The show was partly owned by Otto Floto, now sporting editor of the *Denver Post*. He came upon me suddenly just as I was figuring how I could smuggle several town-children under the canvas.

He was taking it all in, though I did not see him. The boys were wondering how they could explain to their teachers why they had not been in school. Not to let anything interfere with their day's pleasure some of the other women of the show and myself wrote excuses for every one of them.

And now after all these years, when those boys perhaps have become successful burglars or politicians, I was importuned to teach Young America how to shoot straight. Had I written the article, it would have been just my luck to have Otto Floto read it and expose me.

IT'S THE SHERIFF

Harking back to circus days, Ed Giroux, now manager of the Morosco Theater, New York, and I were advance agents with opposition circuses twenty years ago. Each of us was on the Number One bill-posting car of our respective shows and went about six weeks ahead arranging for the coming of our

attractions. My car pulled into Albuquerque, N. M., one day about four o'clock and I found that his car had beaten me there. I was also told that he was a guest of the sheriff for something which some one with his show had done the year before when Ed wasn't even with it.

We had been opposing each other all season but I could not fight a man who was in trouble and I had to cry him out of jail in order to declare war on him and his show. At the moment I do not recall whether I told that sheriff I was Ed's sweetheart, wife or sister, but I convinced him that "Mr. Giroux was not implicated in that disgraceful affair." So to this day, when he or I call each other on the telephone and an unctuous operator inquires who it is speaking, we always tell her, "It's the sheriff from Albuquerque."

ONE ON WEBER

The theater, too, has supplied me with many memories to smile over and one concerns Joe Weber of Weber and Fields. It was back in 1903 when Lew Fields and Joe Weber were on their trip to San Francisco, and at the time I was in that city in advance of my show.

One day I was in the box office with both of them. It was Weber's favorite indoor sport to go to the box office in a new city and, supplanting the treas-

urer, sell tickets. This day he was seated upon the treasurer's stool selling to an interminable line and thoroughly in his element. Presently a tall, distinguished-looking man reached the window and said:

"I would like two seats. I saw Weber and Fields at their music hall in New York last year and liked the show very much, especially the tall fellow—but Weber, the little chap, was awful."

Weber gave one howl and leaped from the stool. As a matter of fact it was a joke on Joe, arranged by Peter Dailey, but Joe Weber never sold tickets again on that trip.

ONE TO ANOTHER

A rather amusing practical joke, I recall, was the one played upon Bruce Edwards, now Charles Dillingham's general manager, by the late William Raymond Sill. Mr. Edwards was representing Julia Marlowe in *When Knighthood Was in Flower*. Mr. Sill was ahead of another show and both arrived in Minneapolis the same week. They had been playmates together on the old *Hartford Post* and knew each other well.

Mr. Edwards had to leave for Duluth early in the week and asked his friend to take care of his Sunday advertising in the Minneapolis papers. Mr. Sill assented and promised to wire just what he had

done. On Friday night this wire went to Mr. Edwards:

"Minneapolis is the biggest flour-manufacturing city in the world. Appreciating that fact and believing it will be a good business stroke, I have made your Sunday advertisements read, 'Charles Dillingham presents Julia Marlowe in Charles Major's romantic play, "When Knighthood Was in Flour." ' This should make a big hit with the Pillsburys, Washburns and all the rest of the local playgoers. Advise me if I have done right."

The earliest train brought Mr. Edwards, purple and indignant, to Minneapolis, only to find that his advertisements still read the way they should and that his confrère had discreetly departed for Omaha.

SUPING

Every time I see Robert C. Benchley's reviews in *Life* I am reminded of my first meeting with him. At that time he was a feature writer on the *New York Tribune* and I was exploiting a famous movie comedian.

Mr. Benchley, accompanied by a sketch artist, came to the studio to write a story about my star and the manager for some unknown reason refused them admission to the part of the studio where the star was working. They departed, but, to my great surprise, I wandered into the set two hours later

and discovered Mr. Benchley and the artist nonchalantly sitting at a table in the cabaret scene, eating and drinking with the extras.

After the cameras had ceased clicking they went with the rest of the supers to the office of the same manager who had refused them admission and collected ten dollars for services as atmosphere. They had all the material they required for a page in Sunday's paper, entitled "In the Custard Pie Zone."

SOME LOAN

Borrowing a chair or a few dishes when company comes is not new. But I borrowed a whole apartment once, as the late Lillian Russell reminded me one day just before she sailed for Europe in the service of the government. The party was in honor of Amy Leslie, dramatic critic of the *Chicago Daily News*.

My own apartment was much too small and so, like all the rest of us who want a friend, I went to Mark A. Luescher, who had a bachelor apartment at Broadway and Seventy-second Street, with a dream of a living room about the size of the Grand Central Terminal. Mark handed me the key and I started to organize the party. The fair Lillian headed the list, and Alexander Moore, our present Ambassador to Spain, later Miss Russell's husband, was her escort.

Others, as I recollect the guests to-day, included George M. Cohan, Sam H. Harris, Nora Bayes, Lucy Weston, Marie Cahill, Daniel V. Arthur, William Burress, Louis Werba, Mark Luescher, Christie McDonald, Suzanna Westford, Blanche Bates, Alice Lloyd, Ethel Barrymore, Edward V. Darling, Jack Norworth, Mr. and Mrs. Conway Tearle and James Sullivan.

I KNEW HIM WHEN

Speaking of Mark Luescher, I wonder how much that TNT wizard of exploitation would give me for an old picture of his favorite star, Fred Stone and Fred's brother, Ed, taken in the days when Fred was trouping with Dick Sutton's Circus, and he and brother Ed did clowning and acrobatics in the afternoon and Fred played Topsy in Uncle Tom's Cabin at night.

Lula Sutton was Little Eva and they were all youngsters. Perhaps Fred recalls the time when he, Ed and the Sutton sisters stole the watermelon behind the show grounds at Morris, Ill. That was years before Stone met the late Dave Montgomery.

To this day he probably doesn't know who the plump blond cherub was who wrote pieces for the papers about the "world's greatest." That was the inception of the woman press agent. And my first press story was for Fred and Ed Stone.

SLOW BUT SURE

All that was long before I discovered that I had a breakaway spine and in those days I used to imagine there was no one nor anything in the world that could not be hurried if one went about it right. I used to bribe, threaten or bully people into hurrying things for me. I never ordered a meal that wasn't already prepared. I never had time to wait, and the taxi chauffeurs were always instructed to hurry. That word was my middle name.

The photographs for my shows had to be on my desk at a certain time and printing had to be delivered according to schedule. I thought it was only through rigid punctuality that I was able to accomplish the hard work required of me and to obtain the results I occasionally did. But I found when I got to the hospital that there are things in the world that won't be hurried. No pull, no influence, no threat affects the serenity of nature. She does her work well, but she takes her own time about it.

Chapter XIX

GLOOMCHASERS

ALWAYS INTERESTING

Human nature has always fascinated me and in the hospital I had more opportunities to study it than I could possibly have had any other place. Visitors were a source of endless interest. No two were alike and each one seemed to have a different idea of a sick room, a hospital and a patient.

One person asked me if the authorities read my mail before they gave it to me, while another wanted to know if they had not tried to make a Catholic of me. Several brought various remedies and prescriptions, not knowing that a patient in a hospital cannot take anything not prescribed by the doctor in charge.

Almost as entertaining as the friends who did call were the excuses offered by the others for not calling. Some said: "They simply couldn't come to a hospital." I didn't blame them much. I wouldn't have been in one myself if they hadn't carried me in.

I WISH WE WERE

One of the most faithful of my visitors was George M. Cohan, who dropped in on me every chance he got and sent me all sorts of things when he couldn't make a personal visit. One day he entered with a happy smile on his face and inquired if I had heard that Ireland was free. What a chance any one had of being in a Knights of Columbus hospital without knowing that news. Especially some one whose history charts read, "Parentage English."

He was called from my bedside to the telephone that day to receive the sad news of the passing of Sherry Matthews, whom he had taken care of for years. The nuns told me that there are almost always one or two patients in St. Vincent's Hospital whose expenses are paid by Mr. Cohan. Relieving the poor, comforting the sick and burying the friendless dead seems about as near righteous as it is possible for a human mortal to be.

Later, when I began to think seriously of leaving the hospital, Mr. Cohan was curious to know what was the first thing I would want to see after being away from Broadway for four years. I told him I had seen so many nuns and nurses that I wanted to see a whole lot of men. He promised me that he would have The Friars turn out and stage a fine dinner for me.



Martin Branner

The only exaggeration Mr. Branner is guilty of here is in the comfortable-looking pillow. Hospital pillows are all made by structural-steel workers from blue-prints furnished by hardtack manufacturers.

"Great," I chuckled, "I'm just dying to see the boys in evening clothes."

"Evening clothes!" he exclaimed. "That bunch looks good even in their own clothes."

ALL AGES

My oldest and youngest visitors were both named John. The oldest was John Rogers, who according to his own statement is eighty. The youngest was John Cort, son of Harry L. Cort and grandson of my old boss, John Cort. Young John was not more than a week old when his father, while calling at the maternity hospital in which Mrs. Cort had awaited her son's arrival, suggested that he be permitted to take the young man downstairs to show him to a friend who didn't like to come into a hospital, but was waiting outside in the car. The nurse carefully wrapped the baby in a blanket and handed him to a proud but trembling father, who climbed into the waiting auto with instructions to "drive like sixty to St. Vincent's Hospital."

The young father presented a humorous picture as he deposited a pink bundle in my arms and said: "Here, I thought you might like to see your new boss."

The youngster behaved very well and slept as soundly through the whole visit as some first nighters I have known. And furthermore he was a good

Elk and didn't tell his ma anything paw and he did on their first outing together.

THE UNION DEPOT

It pleased me very much to have people run in and tell me good-by before they left on trips. In fact, as Trixie Friganza once remarked, my room resembled the union depot where people are either saying "hello" or "good-by." Percy G. Williams came in always before leaving for Palm Beach each winter. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Campbell never failed to come in before their departure for their home in Florida. Norma, Constance and Mrs. Talmadge, Buster Keaton and Joseph Schenck ran in to bid me farewell just before leaving for California to be gone a long time.

Eugene and Willie Howard, among others, came in to pay their respects before going on tour and we had a good laugh about an incident that occurred eighteen years ago when we were all trouping together. We were playing the "pee-wee" time in a Western town, where the house was an upstairs barn with a curtain operated by the actors. As we recalled, the piano was stationed just inside the door to enable the player to double in brass as ticket taker between tunes.

One afternoon while Eugene was singing a ballad on the stage, Willie, according to program, began

to harmonize in the wings, off the entrance. He had let out several notes when suddenly a heavy hand was clamped over his mouth.

"You blamed idiot," said the stage managers' excited voice, "they can hear you out front."

QUITE CORRECT

Another of my callers was Fritzi Scheff, that delightful prima donna, like whom no other can sing "Kiss Me Again," and she never failed to bring a good story. She was the wife of the late John Fox, the novelist, and usually accompanied him on his trips into the Tennessee mountains in search of atmosphere.

On one of their quests for copy she encountered the tale of the mountain school teacher, who was trying to correct a pupil's English. Hearing the boy say: "I ain't gwine there," he told him that was no way to talk.

"Listen—I am not going there; you are not going there; he, she or it is not going there; we are not going there; they are not going there. Do you get the idea?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, "I get it all right. There ain't nobody gwine."

THANK YOU, FANNIE

Fannie Hurst dropped, or rather puffed, in just a few days before leaving for her Egyptian tour. Her mother had accompanied her, but on arriving at the hospital they found the elevator in a sinking condition and the mater was deposited in a near-by drug store while Fannie climbed four flights of stairs just to say "hail and farewell." She also left her latest book, "Star Dust," and inscribed it to "Nellie Revell, whose pen is her pulpit, from which she preaches life, love and laughter." Not that I believed all that, but it was pretty good after climbing four flights of stairs.

NOT SMUGGLED IN

"There are two gentlemen downstairs who say they just came off a boat and want to see you," said my nurse at exactly seven-thirty one morning. Even a person less imaginative than I might have suspected they were friends just back from Bermuda or Europe who had smuggled in the "makings."

When they arrived at my room they proved to be Julius Tannen and Silvio Hein. Much more stimulating to me than contraband! I asked Julius, who had recently quit the stage for the furniture industry, how business was.

"Al Woods," he answered sadly, "can make more

money out of one bedroom set than I can with a factory full of furniture."

Florence Moore also inspected my bedroom scenery. She said she had been featured in some pretty good bedroom dramas that had finer scenery than mine but that she had never stayed in one place three years, even though her casts were changed as often as mine and they sometimes stood for a "cut."

THE NEW BRIDE

One of the most touching tributes I have ever received was when Frank Gould, editor of the *Metropolitan Magazine*, came rushing in to introduce his bride of fifteen minutes. They had stopped on their way to the train, leaving the bridal party waiting in front of the hospital while he let me "kiss the bride," and she left her bouquet with me. When people stop at the most important moments of their lives to give a thought to one whose only claim is friendship, I feel that I have not lived in vain.

Shortly afterward, Mr. Gould met Rube Goldberg in my room. Rube is a family man of long experience and Frank sought information.

"What did you call your mother-in-law after you were married?" asked Frank.

"Well," replied Rube, "it was this way. For the first year I called her 'Say' and after that we all called her 'Grandma.' "

FUNNY HONEYMOON

Dorothy Gish and James Rennie had eloped and the fact of their marriage was not discovered for three days. Once the cat was out of the woodpile, Mr. Rennie brought the blushing bride to my bedside. When felicitations and good wishes had been bandied back and forth, they rose to leave and the new Mrs. Rennie, with a twinkle in her eye, leaned over the bed and observed:

"Jim has such original ideas, hasn't he? Who else but he would have thought of including a hospital upon the honeymoon tour."

LOOK OUT BEHIND

Harry Hershfield brought this one to my bedside: A regiment of raw negro troops was stationed in the front line trenches in France, while in reserve just behind were 6,000 seasoned white soldiers. One of the negroes, addressing his buddy, said: "Mose, what you-all 'spose de papers gwine say 'bout us termorrow?" And Mose answered: "If de rest ob you niggers feels lak Ah does, headlines am gwine say 'Six thousand white boys tromped to death.' "

STINGY

Edgar Allan Woolf paused on his way to the boat to tell me of the little boy who sat in the sub-

way. The lad had a cold in his nose and was continually snuffling. This aggravated the old lady sitting next to him and, leaning over, she said: "Little boy, haven't you got a handkerchief?"

"Yes'm," answered the youngster, "but I don't lend it to strangers."

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE

Some months ago when Babe Ruth came to see me a hospital attaché asked me if he wasn't a "runner or something." An interne had never heard of George Ade, while Will H. Hays came and went without being recognized by any one. A brigadier-general of our standing army called one evening and outside of my being asked who "that splendid-looking man" was, he excited no interest. But when Norma Talmadge called everybody knew her and as for Jackie Coogan, his arrival caused a furor in the hall.

Somehow the nurses got wind of the fact that he was in my room and, ever since, I've been marveling at the number of nurses they had in this hospital. I never before had so many drop in to ask if there wasn't something they could do for me. Ida, the pantry maid, who had never honored me with a visit before, came over—of course to see if my coffee was hot enough.

It was fortunate for the rest of the patients that Jackie didn't call on me every day.

THE RIGHT LIGHT

Eddie Cantor has a fine slant on life. I remarked to him on the occasion of one of his visits that I was so glad to see that his success had not spoiled him.

"Listen," said he. "No little electric sign is going to run away with me. When I first saw my name in electric lights I was naturally happy and proud, but I soon reflected that a five-cent chewing-gum had an electric sign twenty times larger than mine and so I determined to keep my head. Whenever I feel there is danger of my becoming conceited I go and stand near that enormous gum sign and it has an effect on me the advertiser never intended."

Very good, Eddie!

'TWAS ALL OVER

Once when Irvin Cobb arrived and asked me how I felt, I told him I had a pain in my "abandon," as Tom Ryan used to say in vaudeville. He came back with the information that that meant I was sick all over.

"How's the back?" he inquired, so I let him in on the secret that if I put my hands on both my pains at once, I'd be doing a sailor's hornpipe. While he was with me, E. F. Albee came in.

"Can I drop you some place?" he wanted to know of Mr. Cobb.

"No, thanks, I'm just getting over the last drop I had some place," retorted the gentleman from Paducah.

"Come on. Take a ride in my Ford," urged Mr. Albee. That was the best part of it. The man who thinks nothing of building a $5,000,000 edifice drives around New York in a Ford.

LAUGHTER AND TEARS

If I live to be a hundred (and I'll have to if I only do fifty per cent of the things I promised to do when I recovered) I will never forget the scene in my room one Sunday afternoon. Jenie Jacobs had come to call and as she got out of the elevator she heard peals of laughter emanating from my room.

"Fine," she thought, "there's some nice, jolly company there," and she was glad, for she herself had not fully recovered from an automobile accident and questioned her ability to cheer any one. Upon entering she beheld Molly Fuller and the writer indulging in the sacred art of helping each other carry on.

Molly, who is blind, was telling me how happy she was at the prospect of returning to work in the vaudeville sketch that Blanche Merrill had so kindly written for her. We roared at the humorous possibilities in an act of that sort.

"You see," said Molly, "if an attack of asthma

overtakes me in the porch scene, I can just asthma all I like and the audience will think it is a fine bit of acting."

"Yes," I replied, "think of having asthma and being paid for it."

Miss Jacobs looked on but said little and when Molly rose to leave and began fumbling for the way out, still joking about my not bothering to come to the car with her, an atmosphere of tragedy enveloped the room. Miss Jacobs' eyes filled at the sight of two friends she had known in perfect health now so afflicted. The situation was tense and Bide Dudley was never more welcome any place in his life than when he walked into my room at that moment.

THE CHANGING TIMES

We are living in a strange age. I can remember when the editorial staff of a newspaper would not deign to speak to any one in the business office, and neither spoke to press agents. Nowadays dramatic editors and advertising managers fraternize even in public as was evidenced by a visit from Robert Welsh, dramatic critic of the *New York Evening Telegram*, accompanied by William E. Harahan, advertising manager of the classified department of the *New York Evening Journal*. They were not trying to get me to increase my space, but Mr.

Welsh did exercise a critic's prerogative and suggest that I change the cast, curtail my engagement and seek other towns.

Nor was the meeting of business office and editorial staff the only thing compassed by my room. Over my bed many people who had not spoken to each other for years, shook hands and buried their grievances. Somehow rancor cannot survive the mutual anxiety for a friend. It was worth while being in a sick-room when that room was "the melting pot."

Chapter XX

"AND YE VISITED ME"

THE GREAT TONIC

When first I entered St. Vincent's Hospital, the prospect I most dreaded was that of arid, lonely days with only here and there the oasis of a friend's visit. How much in error I was may be discerned by a single glance at the appended roster of my visitors. I doubt that even in health I would have seen so many friends so often. What their visits meant to me they will never fully understand, for I am the only one who knows and the tenderest, most grateful words I can think of are far too weak to tell the story.

A E. F. Albee, Franklin P. Adams, Eugene Kelcey Allen, Judith Ames, Mrs. Lyle Andrews, Jean Archibald, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Van Avery, Mildred Adams, Mrs. Reed Albee, Dorothea Antell, Mrs. Phil Adams, Ben Atwell, Mrs. Edward Abeles, Molly King Alexander, Alma Arnold, Aleta, James Abbe, Harry Allen, Glenn Anders, Isabella D. Armond.

B Zoe Beckley, David Belasco, Mr. and Mrs. Phil Benedict, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Bernstein and parents, Norman Bernstein, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bevan, Martin Branner, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert de Bower, Laura Bennett, Belle Bernstein, Mrs. George Baxter and sons, Launcelot and George, Betty Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest

Boschen, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Belmont, Mr. and Mrs. Gill Barry, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bowers, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Bray, Mr. and Mrs. Rex Beach, Edwina Barry, Nora Bayes and her children, Amelia Bingham, Agatha de Bussy, Ernest Ball, Frank Behring, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Bernstein, Al Boasberg, Hazel Blair, Harry Burton, Mr. and Mrs. George Stockton Boudinot, Jennie Bernstein, Rose Beaumont, Nellie Beaumont, James J. Brady, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Butterfield, Mr. and Mrs. Abe Brinn, Billy Burke, Leslie Bradshaw, A. L. De Beer, Gordon Blyth, Daniel J. Burns, Laura Burt, Harry C. Blaney, Glen C. Burt, Clare Briggs, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Bachelder, Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Beebe, Mme. Besson, Mrs. Max Bloomenthal, Mr. and Mrs. Sol Bloom and their daughter, Vera, Mrs. Theodore Bendix, Irving Berlin, Tavie Belge, R. H. Bickerstaff, Miriam Battista, Thomas Burman, Eileen Goodwin Braisted, Herbert Berg, Jay Brennan, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Broadhurst, Sam Bernard, Heywood Broun, Arthur Brisbane, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bonnell, Mrs. Russell Bassett, Pickering Brown, Roy Bryant, M. S. Bentham, Captain and Mrs. John Bradshaw, Margaret Boyle, Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Beebe and their daughter, Laura Mavis, Alice Brown, Edmund Breese, Mrs. C. E. Barfield, May Boley, Claude Bostock, R. H. Burnside and his daughters, Katheryne, Helen and Betty, Mr. and Mrs. George Barry, Celia Bloom, Constance Brewster, Betty Beck, Ruby Washburn Brown, Audrey Butterfield, John Blackwood, Dr. Emil Boehm, Christopher O. Brown, Frederick Bickel, Valerie Bell.

C Mr. and Mrs. John Cort, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cort, George M. Cohan and his daughters, Georgette and Helen, Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Cross, Mrs.

Jerry J. Cohan, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Clark, Ina Claire and her mother, Marc Connelly, Mr. and Mrs. Glen Condon, Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Campbell, William Collier, George Courtney, Mrs. E. P. Churchill and her daughter, Marguerite, Anna Chandler, Lou Cline, Pauline Cook, Eddie Cantor, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Casad, Mr. and Mrs. James Cullen, Rosie Crouch, Al Clinton, Beatrice Carr, Georgia Campbell, Mrs. Irwin Connelly, Mr. and Mrs. Will M. Cressy, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Chesterfield, Emma Carus, Mrs. George Canajanes, Gilbert Clark, George Coxey, Richard Clark, Nat Cohen, Catherine Calvert, Paul Chute, Rita Colyer, Stephen Clow, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Cavanaugh, James Clyde, Fay Compton, Jackie Coogan and his pa, Imogene Comer, Marion Coakley, Elvira Crandall, Pat Casey, Suzanne Ciamia, Mrs. Herman Cohen, Marie Cordez, Willard Coxey, Marian Chapman, Richard Clark, Roger Clark, Charles Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Crouse, Charles Collins, Ann Cleveland.

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Edgar Atchison Ely, Frank Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Erroll, Gracie Emmett, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Edwards, Dr. and Mrs. Charles P. Elwert, Kate Elinore, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Evans, Jeanne Eagels, Frank Eaton, Emily England, Mrs. Edward Ellis.

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Florence Green, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Gallagher, Mike Goldreyer, Belle Gold, Louise Groody, Mr. and Mrs. James Griffith, Horace Goldin, Ed Giroux, Mayme Gerhue, Dr. Sam Gilmore, Bonnie Gaylord, William Grady and his son, Mr. and Mrs. William Grossman, Harry Grant, Taylor Granville, Rube Goldberg, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gould, Mrs. Morris Gest, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gorman, Charlotte Greenwood and her mother, D. W. Griffith, Georgie Goodwin, Abel Green, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gardner, Will Goodall, Thomas Gray, Rita Gould, Dorothy Gish, Helen Groody, C. P. Grenaker and his mother Corrie Grenaker, Bertha Gross, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gray, Al Greene, Nina Gregory, Ruth Grossman, William Leonard Grossman, Mrs. John Garrity, Eddie Graham.

H Sam H. Harris, Lieutenant-Commander Wells Hawks, Emma Haig, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Howland, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Hart, their son Errol and their daughter, Marian, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Holmes, Ed. Hayman, Charles Hastings, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Hazard and their daughter, Helen, Sam Haller, Jacob Hirsch, Dr. Bernard Hannan, Dr. Philip Hockbrockner, Annie Hart, Harry Hershfield, William S. Hart, Mr. and Mrs. Hale Hamilton, Mrs. Marcus Harris, Amanda Hendrix, Walter K. Hill, Norman Hackett, Fannie Hurst, Frank J. Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. John Hall, Mrs. Jules Hurtig, George V. Hobart, Martin Herman, Will H. Hays, Ed Hughes and his mother, Mrs. O. L. Hall, Nellie Hurley, Catherine Healy, Jennie Henly, Nan Halperin, James Hawkins, Mr. and Mrs. Claude S. Humphreys, Mr. and Mrs. Silvio Hein, Bert Howard, Jet Hahlo and her mother, Mme. Haverstick, Mrs. Thomas Hunter, Fred Herendeen, Isaac Hope, Dorothy Hirsch, Mr. and Mrs. John Hyams, Roland Burke Hennessy, Dixie Hines, Hugh Herbert, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Houdini, Louise Holman, Ethel Hopkins, Karl Hoblitzell, S. L. Harris, Max Hoffman, George F. Hinton, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hanson, Ben Holzman, Edna Wallace Hopper, Mr. and Mrs. John Hughes, Mrs. Percy Edward Howard, Mrs. Claude Hagen, Pat Henry, Sadie Hart, Samuel Hoffenstein, Mrs. Roy Howard.

I Flo Irwin, Roger Imhoff, May Irwin, Mrs. Will Irwin, Esther Ingham.

J Jenie Jacobs, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jacoby, Leo Jacoby, Fred Jackson, Thomas Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Al Jones and their daughter Emily Louise, Mr. and

Mrs. Lorry Jacobs and their daughter, Joseph French Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Jacobson, Isabelle Jason, Edward Jacoby, Mrs. Martin Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. A. Frank Jones, Will Johnson, Justine Johnstone, Al Jolson, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jordan, Billy Jackson, Mrs. Arthur James, Dorothy Jardon, Eugenie A. Jones, Paul Jaslow.

K Hazel Kirke, F. S. Kahlo, Gus Klinecke, Walter Kingsley, Stella Kahn, Barney Klawen, Mattie Keene, Aaron Kessler, Sadie Kusell, Leo Kober, Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton, Nellie King, Karl Kitchen, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Kaufman, Fay King, Ben Kelly, Frances Rockefeller King, Arthur Kane, Arthur Klein, Walter Keefe, Mrs. Ed Kelton, Frank Keeney, Walter Kean, S. J. Kaufman, Mrs. Fred Kollock, William Kernahan, Stella Karn.

L Ada Lewis, Grace La Rue, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Lauder, Esther Lindner, Amy Leslie, W. E. Lewis, Alice Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Loew, Father Edward F. Leonard, Dorothy Lindner, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Luescher, Ethel Levey, Mrs. Minnie Lindner, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Lawrence, Mrs. Tom Lewis, Barbara Lindner, Harry Leighton, Helen Lackaye, Mr. and Mrs. Abe Levey and their daughter Doris, Isabella Lucas, Jack Lait, Walter Lindler, Caroline Lowry, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Le Roy, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Edgar Long, Lillian Lorraine, Bert Levy, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lefkowitz, Walter Leopold, James Lyons, Jane and Katherine Lee, Mrs. Allen Leiber, Guy Lee, Gertrude Levy, Mr. and Mrs. George Lippman, Mrs. Lillian Libman, Mrs. William Lewis, Dr. and Mrs. Charles Le Fevre, Emily Lee, M. B. Leavitt, Judge Ben Lindsey, Marie Lennard.

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Mc Mr. and Mrs. Charles McDonald, David McCarthy, Alice McCarthy, Miles McCarthy, George C. McDonald, Mrs. Lucretia McAnney, Marie McGlynn, Mary Margaret McBride, B. O. McAnney, Libby McCann, Julia McCarthy, Eulia McCleary, Mr. and Mrs. Lorrain McAnney, O. O. McIntyre, Sarah McDougal, George McFarlane, Mr. and Mrs. George McElroy, Mabel

McCane, Molly McIntyre, Mrs. Peter F. McKenney, James B. McKowen, Frank McIntyre, Mr. and Mrs. George McManus, Peter McCarty, J. Walter McLaren, Nellie McHenry, Neysa McMein, Daniel McCarthy, Garry McGarry, Charles and Sadie McDonald, Thomas E. McIntosh, C. B. McDonald, Helen P. McCormick.

N Jean Newcomb, Mrs. Thomas Niles and Thomas, Jr., Thomas Nawn and his daughter, T. E. Niles, Nellie Nichols, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Nicholson, Walter Naylor, George Nagel, Janette Niles, Earl Nelson, Ann Nichols, Ruby Norton, Florence Nash, Mrs. James Newman, Elizabeth New, Anna Niemack.

O Burns O'Sullivan, Mrs. Alice Oppo, Mrs. Eugene O'Rourke, Mrs. Charles Osgood, Charlotte Osgood, Josephine Ober, Edward Oakford, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Orlob, Mr. and Mrs. Fiske O'Hara, Peggy O'Neil, Henry Oldsfield, Lester O'Keefe.

P Ada Patterson, John Pollock, Max Plohn, Dorothy Phillips, Frank Pope, Channing Pollock, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Parker, Fred Prince, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Pidgeon, Mrs. Sol Papier, Abe Plohn, Joe Phillips, William A. Page, I. J. Pritchard, H. E. Pyrke, Jack Pulaski, Mrs. Ida White Parker, Harry Papier, Olga Petrova, Margaret J. Pregenzer, E. Propper.

R John Raftery, Alice Rohe, David Robinson, Adele Rowland, Thomas J. Ryan, "Sonny" Roberts, Mrs. Jack Reed, Hamilton Revelle, Stephen Rathbun, Mabel Rowland, Charles Reagan, Katie Rooney, Francesca Redding, George Robinson, Julia Ring, John Rogers, Anna

Steese Richardson, Richard Richards, Grandland Rice, Will Rogers, Lizzie B. Raymond, Rosanna Rocamora, Steve Reardon, Blanche Ring, Maurice C. Raymond, Mabel Fenton Ross, Mike Rabuffo, Emma Rose, Rita Rommelly, Clara Ruhl, Mr. and Mrs. George Herman, "Babe" Ruth, Rodney Richmond, Frances Ring, Elmer F. Rogers, A. Rothschild, Dr. and Mrs. Harry Reilly, Jessie McCutcheon Raleigh, Al Raymond, May Ramsey, Mrs. Wilda Richards, Robert Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Reichenbach, Mr. and Mrs. Pat Rooney, 2nd, and Pat Rooney, 3rd, Monica Russell, Earl Remington, Mr. and Mrs. James Rennie, S. L. Rothafel, Elsie Riesenberger, Helen Ryan, Rosa Roma, Mrs. J. A. Rusling, Mr. and Mrs. John Reynolds, Alice Remsen, J. Mansfield Redfield, Gertrude Ritchie, Dorothy Russell, Edward Robinson, Alfred Russell, Mrs. Albert Lee Rheinstrom.

S Harold Seton, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Steinfeld, Rosalie Stuart, Fritzi Scheff, Mr. and Mrs. Al Shean, Mr. and Mrs. Sime Silverman, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Stuart, Bernard Sobel, Paula Shay, Margaret Davis Stitt, Mrs. Dan Sherman and Daniel, Jr., Patrick Henry Shanley, Mr. and Mrs. George Stoddard, Carrie Scott, Edward J. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stafford, Mr. and Mrs. James Shesgreen, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sommers, Mrs. William Spence, Mrs. Gus Schey, Mrs. Walter Sanford, Mr. and Mrs. Irving Southard, Earl Stewart, Martin Sampter, Nellie Sterling, Susie Sexton, Elizabeth Smith, Fay Stevenson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Simpson and their daughter Peggy, Ann Sutherland, Nicholas Schenck, Mr. and Mrs. William Sleeper and their daughters Martha and Annette, Zelda Sears, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stone, Isaac Spears, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Schenck, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith,

H. T. Stocker, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Stanton, Hal Skelly, Norwood Smith, Joseph P. Schenck, Nat Strauss, Tony Sarg, Mrs. Barney Shields, Marty Steiglitz, Fred Schonberger, Sallie Stemler, Cal Stone, J. Schleifstein, John Stout, Hugo Schmedes, Queenie Smith, Charles Sturges, Catherine Stout, John Sheahy, Mary Servoss, Len B. Schloss, Dennis Shea, Fred Schader, H. Elliot Stuckel, Dorothy Siegal, Lambert Solomon, Gladys Sears, Adah Shartle, Gale Baker Spaulding.

T Edythe Totten, Sophie Tucker, Mrs. J. C. Turner, Etta Tyndall, Norma Talmadge, Mr. and Mrs. James Thornton, Mrs. Fred Thompson, Constance Talmadge, Julius Tannen, Helen Trix, Harry Taylor, Mrs. Margaret Talmadge, Josephine Trix, Evan Thomas, Major L. E. Thompson, Dr. and Mrs. H. E. Thompson, Baroness de Toronoff, Paul Thompson, Nelson G. Trowbridge, Dr. J. Harold Turner, Mrs. John Peter Toohey.

V Mrs. Al Von Tilzer, Frank Van Hoven, Sybil Vane, Winifred Van Dusen, Mrs. Verdi of Clark and Verdi, Gus Van, Gertrude Vanderbilt, Harry Van Hoven, Harry Van Cleve, Mrs. George B. Van Cleve.

W Harvey Watkins, Ed Wynn, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Wiswell, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Winninger, Grace Weeks, Mr. and Mrs. Mike Whalen, Alvin Wilson, Marion Weeks, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Weber, Susan Westford, Mr. and Mrs. Alf Wilton, Mrs. Clarence Willets, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Witmark, Mr. and Mrs. Max Winslow, Lizzie Wilson, Edgar Allan Woolf, Mae Woods, Ada Mae Weeks, Mrs. S. W. Withington, Matthew White, Jr., Jack Wilson, Clifton Webb and

his mother Mabel Webb, Lillian Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Weber and their daughters, Muriel and Harriet, Elmer Woods, Amy Hatch Weiner, Mrs. Harry Williams, J. R. Wrenn, Mrs. W. J. Washburn, Leslie Wiggins, Dr. and Mrs. Wendell Washburn, Clara Bell Walsh, Dr. Rayworth Williams, Frances Wayne, Hatty Wallach, Herbert Weber, Sylvia Hahlo-Whitman, Mrs. Justice Bartow S. Weeks, Helen Ware, Rita Weiman, Thomas Wise, Frank E. White, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Williams, George Weedon, Mrs. Catherine Walters, Katie Wilson.

Z Dorothy Ziegel, C. F. Zittel.

Chapter XXI

VICTORY

THE TIMES SQUARE BLUES

The "Times Square Blues" seems to be the one tune that has been overlooked by the lilting lyric writers of Tin Pan Alley. Perhaps it has been because they lacked the inspiration. If any one feels the urge to compose such a song, I will submit the formula. First they must have been in, of and with Times Square for many years. Then it is necessary to lie in a hospital four years, most of that time motionless in one room. They must be almost within sound of Broadway and Forty-second Street, yet unable to see that famous corner. As a means of leading to the climax they must be given one fleeting glimpse of their erstwhile happy hunting grounds with all its lights on and know that every light there represents a friend and a handshake. But the big moment comes when it is all suddenly snatched away from them, and they are put back to bed for a sentence of how long no one knows.

It all started with the visit of my friend, Sime Silverman—I know he is that for I have borrowed money from him. Another came in to say good-by

before sailing to spend the summer in Europe. We fell to talking of how it affected me to bid farewell to my friends and see them go away for vacations and outing-trips, leaving me in the hospital with a hole in my life as big as the excavation for the Woolworth Building. One of my callers remarked that it was a wonder I didn't lose my mind, and I replied that perhaps I had, and that was what was the matter with me.

But Mr. Silverman was inclined to be serious and observed that I had become "just resigned." After they had gone I fell to thinking and wondering whether in reality and unknowingly I had surrendered myself to my fate. Somehow from the first moment of my illness I had dreaded that, for to me it signified the passing of ambition and the blockade of progress. I liked to believe that my patience was influenced rather by resistance than by resignation.

All that evening I fretted about it. It grew late but still I was unable to sleep, and my night nurse, Eleanor O'Brien, seeing my nervous condition, thought that it might help if I were to get up. For several days I had been confined to my bed on account of the tantrums of my temperamental heart, but I chanced taking a stroll up the hall. At the end of the corridor was the operating room, which faced on Twelfth Street and Seventh Avenue, and seeing the door open, I half-hobbled and half-crawled to the corner window.

Up the long lane of lights of Seventh Avenue my eyes traveled until they rested upon the glory that is Times Square, that most-missed, most-maligned bit of ground in the world. It was my first glimpse of it in four long years; it amused me to think of all the letters I had gotten from people on the road, who said they were lonesome for the Rialto, though they had been away from it but a few months. Gazing northward I could almost see all those dear friends of mine there, and imagined that all I had to do was to reach down to shake hands with them. I fancied I could see the audiences filing out of the theaters, the tangle of pedestrians, taxicabs and private motors, all the noise, excitement and life that had meant so much to me.

It was all so close and yet so far that I felt just like a starving man, tied to a tree, with a delicious banquet spread just out of his reach. It was an indescribable feeling and one I hope never to experience again, and I suffered more on this visit to the operating room than on any previous one. The end came when I burst out crying and was remanded to bed with a complete set of hysterics, the first time in a fairly long and eventful life that I have ever had them. But I had my reward too, for it convinced me of one thing; as long as I could have the "Times Square Blues," I was not resigned.

That was the beginning of my "coming out." I tried and fought harder after that than ever before.

I thought, planned and prayed. Immediately I began negotiating for an apartment. Even when this activity gave me a setback, my determination to leave the hospital came through it all unimpaired. I did not like that word, "resigned."

And when my longing and planning had been concluded successfully, my conviction became stronger than ever that the "Three R's" of any one who is sick should be "Resistance, Reaction and Relief."

I TOLD YOU SO

Then it all came true. It had been no dream. I was back to Blighty again, for an armistice had been declared and while the peace treaty hadn't been signed definitely, I was at least justified in hoping that hostilities had been permanently ended. But I took no credit to myself for winning the long campaign. To my allies belonged all the honor. To my beloved friends in the newspaper and theatrical world, I owed the victory.

MY BEST STORY

It was the first time in my life I had ever been a debutante. And my own coming-out party was the first I ever attended. I have worked on every other sector of a newspaper editorial department, but I once took an oath that I would never again "cover

society." It never interested me a bit who it was that "poured" and what it was they wore while doing it.

But some wise chap once asserted that we will do exactly what we said we wouldn't if we live long enough. After thirty years of covering police, sports and politics for the newspapers, I once more had to report a coming-out party. Not only that, but I was the party that came out.

But what a début it was! It was the biggest story I had ever put over and all I hoped was that it would stay where I put it.

There were only three persons who knew of my suddenly-formed intention of, as John Raftery put it, "obtaining my honorable discharge from the house of physical correction and applying for a full reinstatement to complete citizenship.

At the risk of offending the many friends who had offered to assist me at my escape, I was forced to "sew the story up." Doctor Sayre had told me he feared the excitement of having many people around might prove injurious and retard my leaving. Anyway I felt selfish enough at getting one friend up at seven in the morning.

Mrs. Clarence Willets, than whom no one ever had a more willing or efficient co-conspirator, was one of those who had been told. A couple of days before the deed was committed we talked the matter over and on the morning set she came down early

and bright and packed the belongings I had accumulated in my long stay. Not a word of my plan had leaked out. Who said women can't keep secrets?

Consternation prevailed throughout the hospital as my sudden announcement was the first intimation I had given any one connected with the institution that my residence with them was for a shorter period than from now on.

Dr. Sayre rode up with me in the ambulance, which is the sort of a vehicle that can take one so far in fifteen minutes that it takes them four years to get back. He had brought me to the hospital, and where I come from, when a gentleman takes a young lady some place, he always escorts her back home—most always.

The ride in the ambulance was so much different from my last spin in one. Then I was on a stretcher, while on my return trip they let me ride all the way from Twelfth Street to the hotel sitting up. Of course I felt so elated and in the clouds that I believe I could have walked the entire distance or ridden in a regular automobile. But I did sit up.

Before I could realize it we were up at the corner of Forty-second and Broadway. I felt just like an old grad getting back to the college campus again. Or perhaps like a veteran of the wars glimpsing once more his own homeland. It was early,—about eight o'clock—and the crowds were thin, but I blew kisses to them anyway. They probably thought I was

either drunk or crazy, but they didn't care; they blew 'em right back at me. It was an auspicious welcome from my beloved Broadway.

A moment later I caught sight of an office building and glimpsed, far above, the very windows of the floor that had been mine. And for the first time I felt my eyes getting wet.

HOME, SWEET HOME

My friends had offered me a choice of any New York hotel, of several country homes, of places by the shore and places in the mountains. But of them all I selected the Somerset Hotel up in the "Roaring Forties" and at once met with such help and co-operation from Claude R. Nott, its owner, and from every one on its staff, that I was overjoyed at having made such a fortunate choice. I felt also that one of whom Broadway had taken so much care should go back "home" the first moment she was able to. And, anyway, I had been among the laymen so long that I wanted to return where they spoke my language.

The windows of my room looked down upon the workshop of a music publisher who has offices on Forty-sixth Street and ever and anon I could hear some industrious song-plugger banging out on the piano one of the ballads that make Tin Pan Alley famous. Early in my stay my nurse commiserated

me upon having to listen to this music all day long.

"Let them go," I told her. "It's a delightful change from the ether obligato I've been used to hearing in the room next to mine when some patient was coming out of the anesthetic."

The old Roman Epicureans thought that eating was one of the world's greatest indoor sports. But I'm sure none of them ever got such a thrill out of the dinner hour as I did when I looked at a menu card, brought personally by Mrs. Kathleen Kelly, owner of the hotel restaurant, for the first time in four years and ordered what I wanted. (It was roast pork. Yes, I was on a diet.) Nor did any ever tingle with such acute happiness as I felt when the waiter presented his check. There was a day when I signed tabs in half the restaurants on Broadway and it did seem like old times. I was again a citizen and had a name instead of a number. I signed it merely, "O.K.—Revell," but if it had been the Declaration of Independence I was subscribing my name to, I could have been no more confident that once again I had attained to freedom.

PRAISE FROM SIR HUBERT

A newspaper worker rarely gets much publicity, so I was particularly pleased when I saw the space that had been devoted to my victory by papers all over the country. For several days my room swarmed with

reporters, photographers, rotogravure editors, syndicate men and, in fact, every specie of newspaper toiler but the fashion writers. All the New York dailies carried stories, that in the *Evening World*, to my great delight, being in the sporting section. The Associated Press sent the story out over its wires and soon I began to receive clippings from friends scattered all over the United States, many of whom I had not heard from in years.

But my gratification was derived not so much from being "a prophet in my own country" as from the knowledge that every word said in the reports of my successful battle with illness would reach hundreds of other sick persons and perhaps inspire them to carry on.

This was proven by the great number of letters I received in the following weeks from other ailing ones. They told me they had taken new hope and a firmer lease on life now that they knew my fight was almost won. It was worth all my years of physical and mental suffering to realize that in my humble way I had been an aid and perhaps a sign of hope to others who were in the depths.

THE FATTED CALF

My return was the story of the Prodigal Son and the Fatted Calf brought up to date. For weeks tokens of affection and telegrams, letters and notes

poured in, until I wasn't sure whether I hadn't been elected Senator or something. Each one strove to outdo all the others in warm words of congratulation, expressions of happiness and best wishes for the future. The first that came said, "Now I know there's a God that answers prayers."

My room was transformed into a bower of beautiful flowers, each one representing as much love and religion as though it had been upon an altar. They were offerings—offerings on the altar of friendship.

And, thank God, I didn't have to die to get them!

Chapter XXII

AFTERTHOUGHT

READY-MADES CHEAPER

Don't ever try to write a book. It's like anything else one tries to make at home, only to learn that it can be bought much better and cheaper ready-made. Writing this recalls to mind my one and only attempt to make a dress. I thought because I had the material, the scissors, a sewing machine and a Butterick pattern I could give lessons to Paquin. But before going very far with it I realized what a friend and benefactor humanity had in the man that founded the cloak and suit industry.

It is a good deal like the side-walk comedian who can always get a laugh from the gang at the corner, but finds it a different matter to get his stuff over the footlights with professionals looking on from the wings. Or like the little girl who dances so "bee-yoot-ifully" at the graduating exercises and then comes to Broadway ready and willing to take Pavlowa's place, but soon discovers that the salt-cellar should have been shaken liberally over the fulsome praise of friends.

MY HOME-BREW BOOK

That's the way I feel about my home-brew book. I have used the formula prescribed by people who are expert at book-making or rather writing. And if I can't get the same kick in mine they do in theirs it is not the fault of the recipe. Anyway, I know I am mighty glad to get it off my chest, which is where I wrote it.

Having thus far only hinted that my friends are responsible for this literary aberration, I now openly accuse them. The buck is theirs. For months they continued to say: "Why don't you write a book?" The plea of inability seemed only to make them more insistent that I stop loafing and go to work.

"Of course you can," they argued. "You must have loads of material and what right have you to deprive the public of the very book that perhaps it hungers for?"

That thought of a hungering public reached my heart and here is the result. Well—maybe there was also the necessity of garnering a few, good, old, elusive "In God We Trusts" to keep the wolf barking up another tree that induced me to perpetrate this pot-pourri of word jugglings on my friends. But lest any one follow my example let me warn them. There are more heartaches, headaches and disappointments coincident with the writing of one book than the exploiting of fifty musical shows. What a



Photo by International News

1923: Back to Blighty! This was taken a year after the one by Mr. Curtis and shows more plainly than words could that there are but few ailments that cannot be overcome, that there is never any pass in life at which one is justified in admitting defeat.

vengeful man was Job when he said: "Oh, that mine enemy would write a book."

WRITER AND FINANCIER

Irvin S. Cobb, after spending three weeks in a hospital, sold his appendix to the reading public for more money than a railroad company pays to a widow for her husband's 100 per cent body. Mr. Cobb or Elinor Glynn might be able to collect enough atmosphere for a story in three weeks, but it took me much longer. Mr. Cobb has taught us many things—among them, initiative. We have frequently heard of an author ransacking his brain or heart for ideas, but the humorist from Kentucky is the first one we have heard of who secured an inspiration from his appendix. I am convinced that the old sage was right in saying there is no justice in the world, for my appendix was as good—or bad—(whatever the standard of rating is)—as Mr. Cobb's. Yet I did not realize anything but pain at parting with mine. Proving that Mr. Cobb is not only a great writer, humorist and missionary, but that he is also our great American financier.

GUILTY ALSO

While chests may be all right to scribble on, they are useless as typewriter stands. That called for

an amanuensis, which, translated, means some one who can spell at least one out of five words right and knows the difference between a coffee-grinder and a Corona.

But if you ever do write a book and it be under the same circumstances as this was written, my sincere hope is that you will be as fortunate in your selection of an accomplice as I was. Working with me on this book was a newspaper reporter—a fellow-member of the copy-paper and printer's ink clan. Breaking the falls and being the "Patsy" for my mistakes, like all good amanuenses, he accepted the blame when things went wrong and permitted the boss to take the glory.

He was always on time and worked as late as I wanted to work; got out no worse copy than I did and was altogether a highly satisfactory confederate. And for the patience, loyalty and consideration shown me while he helped me with this volume, I shall always feel deeply grateful to Herbert H. Stinson.

So if you don't like this book blame it on him. And if you do think it has any merit, I want the credit—also the cash.

FLEETING FLUENCY

Does any other literary charlatan, I wonder, have this same experience while lying awake at night in

the dark with no pencil handy. I can build the most eloquent phrases and speeches, brilliant compositions that just roll out. I say to myself, "I'll remember that." But in the morning, when I have procured pad and pencil, my Emersonian fluency has taken flight, frightened, perhaps, at its environment. And I find myself again at the mercy of my Philistine vocabulary, unable to think of a darned one of the "highfalutin" phrases I had concocted the night before.

Despite it all the book is finished and I hope it is the last I will ever write "between treatments." It is the first mean trick I have ever played on my friends. I trust they will condone it as "just one of Nell's harmless little jokes."

MY PURPOSE

Not for a moment do I fancy that this volume will startle the literary world—except by comparison. I have merely endeavored to hold the mirror up to Life with the "snicker" side out and and to chronicle in my limited way some of the laughs and tears coincident with four years internment in a human reconstruction camp. If the history of my fight and recovery brings a ray of hope or a smile to even one discouraged sufferer, I shall not begrudge all it cost me to get the story.

THE END

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